



# THE ACADEMY

## A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1820

MARCH 23, 1907

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### BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE READING ROOM will be CLOSED for renovation from Monday, April 15, until further notice.

It is anticipated that the work of renovation will be finished by October 31.

E. MAUNDE THOMPSON,  
Director and Principal Librarian,

British Museum,  
March 15, 1907.

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The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

## THE LITERARY WEEK

AT the meeting of the Society of Authors held in Hanover Square last Wednesday, Mr. Sidney Lee proposed what was practically a vote of censure on the Committee. In the opinion of that eminent Shakespearean scholar the Committee had somewhat exceeded its powers in writing to the *Times* to express an opinion on the vexed question of The Book Club and the Publishers. If nearly all the speakers were hostile to the action of the Committee, the vote of censure was defeated by a considerable majority, though there was some uncertainty as to the figures. The meeting, not a very large one, was very representative and was far more lively than such things usually are. At one moment the discussion became quite heated. Mr. Zangwill and Mr. Bernard Shaw metaphorically came to blows.

Sir Martin Conway made a particularly admirable speech, and it was satisfactory to hear Professor Ray Lankester and Mr. Bernard Shaw, who had both dissented from their fellow members, paying a tribute to the efficiency and executive ability of the present committee and its admirable secretary, Mr. Herbert Thring. Mr. Anthony Hope, with all a barrister's eloquence, pointed out that the committee had in no way violated the articles of association in expressing the view of the controversy held by the majority of the committee. There is little doubt that Mr. Comyns Carr brought over many waverers by pointing out that if the meeting supported Mr. Sidney Lee's motion the outside world would regard it as a manifesto in favour of the *Times* Book Club. This seemed to make Mr. Zangwill (who disapproved of the committee acting without consulting the society) withdraw his support from Mr. Sidney Lee. More will probably be heard on the subject. A new lease of life has perhaps been given to a somewhat stale topic; for that every one will be grateful to the Society of Authors. But let us hope that the base insinuations suggested in certain quarters will be officially withdrawn. And if not, we may trust that they will not be taken seriously by Mr. Rider Haggard.

The discovery of a new Raphael would have agitated the artistic world a great deal more twenty years ago than it does now; but the name Raphael suggests rather a manufactory than an artist, in the present fierce light which beats about a picture. One of the most eminent experts in England, Mr. Roger Fry, and Mr. C. J. Holmes, the Slade Professor of Art at Oxford, a hardly less eminent authority, have declared that the present work now on view at the Doré Gallery is "neither a forgery nor a copy." But this, while very comforting

to the owners does not carry us very far. Readers of modern art criticism will realise how cautious we all must be; what was "the divine Raphael" to our forefathers, is now "Giulio Romano from a design by Raphael," or "Luca Penni after a sketch by the master"; and some of our modern artists share the opinion of Velasquez "that Raphael was not even divine." Mr. Berenson calls him a mere illustrator and Mr. H. G. Wells has been heard to express the opinion that he was early Victorian. The late Louis Dubedat did not mention him in his confession of faith. Still, Raphael has to be reckoned with.

The centenary of the birth of Longfellow, which occurred on the twenty-seventh of last month, has not passed unnoticed in America, and it is pleasant to find that even in the present "hustling" age the Americans can still find time to honour the memory of their great men. The number of great men that America has produced in literature is so small that they are all the more worthy to be remembered and honoured by their countrymen. The hundredth anniversary of the births of Poe, Hawthorne, and Emerson were noticed and celebrated at Charlottesville and at Brunswick, and at Salem, Concord and Boston, though nothing in the way of a national demonstration was attempted by the American people at large. Longfellow to the world in general, to the ordinary reading public, has perhaps always made a larger appeal than Poe; he still represents to the average person what he would call "America's greatest poet." And in spite of the fact that among more eclectic critics there has been a tendency to speak slightly of him, he may make a fair claim to the title. Longfellow if he never perhaps rose to the very highest point of poetic expression, yet preserved a steady and fastidious standard of excellence which marks him out as an artist above all things. His personality too has a peculiarly winning charm which will always endear him to enlightened lovers of literature. He was, when all is said and done, the best result that the old New England spirit and training could produce. The spiritual service he rendered to his countrymen can hardly be over-rated,

The Chief Librarian's notice (referred to in another column) that the Library of the British Museum will be closed for some months suggests the inquiry whether something cannot be done in the meanwhile to relieve the congestion in the Rotunda Reading-room which now makes it practically useless to casual readers. It is frequently impossible to find a seat, and it is not uncommon for a reader to have to wait a whole hour before a book can be found and delivered to him. The attendants do their utmost and are in no way to blame. Excellent customs exist which smooth the way for habitual readers, but they are not sufficiently advertised, and have to be discovered after much waste of time and temper. For instance, the attendants are allowed at odd times to find books in the catalogue—frequently a lengthy process—and to have them ready for readers at fixed times. This is a most reasonable and proper arrangement and, of course, ought to be attended with some small remuneration from the readers who benefit by it. Also the use of the Inner Library, obligatory in the case of some books, is facilitated.

We would inquire whether these arrangements could not be made better known by such means as the printing of a sort of Readers' Guide which might contain also some directions how to use the necessarily monstrous catalogue. Would it not also be possible to frame rules discouraging the use of the Library at all for reference to books which can be readily seen elsewhere? At present, many Local Public Libraries render their books of reference useless by foolish rules which cannot be enforced, forbidding any writing in their Reference Libraries without the leave of the sub-librarian in attendance. Could some action be

taken to divert the stream of readers wishing to consult such books from the Rotunda to local libraries, if necessary in concert with the authorities of the latter? The steps to be taken may safely be left to the experience of Sir Edward Maunde Thompson and his staff, but some clearing of the Rotunda, far from throwing any obstacle in the way of the poor and deserving class who seem to pass their lives in it, would help their work, and would much relieve the hard-worked and underpaid attendants.

Mr. George Alexander very kindly lent his theatre last Monday morning for a copyright performance of the *Duchess of Padua*, a five-act tragedy by Oscar Wilde, which has never been performed in this country. The parts were read by an amateur dramatic society connected with St. James's Church, Hampstead Road. The play was produced in America some years ago by Miss Gale and the late Laurence Barrett. It was originally written for Miss Mary Anderson. The play will form the first volume of the uniform edition of the author's works about to be issued by Messrs. Methuen.

"Consentaneous," a word used by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in his speech on the Women's Suffrage Bill, puzzled most daily papers in London. "Concertaneous" some of them made it; while others had the commonplace "consensus of opinion." "There was," said the Prime Minister, "no consentaneous opinion on this question in any part of the House." This is a rare word which, in the absolute sense, seems to date only from 1774. The *Manchester Guardian* makes the remark that dignified words of Latin derivation have always been popular in Scotland. One verb of Greek origin, which appears in mediæval Latin, is often used by bailies. This is the ugly verb, "homologate," which, however, Mark Pattison used in his book on Milton for the Men of Letters Series. This word, when used by Scottish witnesses, has baffled a Committee of the House of Lords. So, too, has "policies," in the Scottish meaning defined by Chambers's Dictionary as "the pleasure-grounds around a mansion."

The Clarendon Press has just issued two more volumes of Mr. Lewis Farnell's "The Cults of the Greek States" which will be eagerly welcomed by all who are interested in the study of the problems of comparative religion. The discoveries in Crete have thrown much new light on the study of classical polytheism, and new material from newly discovered inscriptions and monuments is added year by year to the sources of knowledge of this absorbing subject. A fifth volume, which will contain an account of the worship of Hermes, Dionysos, and the minor cults, is promised for next year.

The loan exhibition of the Keats and Shelley relics for which the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland yesterday lent Stafford House was of the highest interest and in every way successful. The collection included nearly all the manuscripts of the two poets, and all the editions of their works corrected and annotated by them, that remain the property of private collectors. In addition there were many portraits and personal relics. A concert consisting of music set to or suggested by words from their poems was another feature. But the chief interest of the exhibition was undoubtedly the manuscripts. There is always something thrilling about the first sight of the manuscript of poems which are deathless, and in the present case the possibility of comparing the hand-writings of the two poets and the quantity and nature of the changes and erasures which they respectively made, afforded a most absorbing object of study.

Despite Mr. Streatfeild's edition it cannot be said that George Darley has had justice done him by the present

generation of readers. The *Quarterly Review* article of July 1902, aroused some interest, but it was allowed to die out. Now, however, Messrs. Routledge have commissioned Mr. Ramsay Colles to prepare a complete edition of Darley's works for their Muses' Library. It is a matter for regret that Darley's "Errors of Ecstasie" has not been reprinted since 1823, his "à Beckett" since 1829 and his "Ethelstan" since 1841. But in addition to these, Mr. Colles, thanks to the generosity of several descendants of the poet's family, will be enabled to print several poems for the first time. When Palgrave issued his "Golden Treasury" he ascribed Darley's poem "It is not beauty I demand" to the Restoration period, declaring that the author's identity was unknown! It only serves to show how soon a poet can be forgotten, even if a little of his poetry lives.

A tablet-inscription lately published by the British Museum authorities in the series of "Select Inscriptions in the Babylonian character," which Mr. R. Campbell Thompson has translated, ought to be of interest to those who are contemplating how best to form a library. Assurbanipal (Sardanapalus), having this end in view about B.C. 650, directs one Shadûnû to inquire after all the tablets in the houses of certain dwellers at Borsippa, and to ransack other Babylonian cities in quest of more. "Seek out," runs the inscription, "such rare tablets which may be found in your journey as do not exist in Assyria, and send them to me. . . . No one shall withhold them from thee; and if there be any tablet or stèle of which I have not made mention, and thou shalt learn of it, and it is good for my palace, search for it and get it and send it to me." There is a delightful simplicity about this method. The tablets were sent to Nineveh, transcribed, and (perhaps) returned to their owners. Yet it may be that the King's procedure was too high-handed to be forgotten, in the day when Nineveh fell.

A new number of *The Shanachie*, a miscellany devoted chiefly to the work of Irish authors and artists has just been issued by Messrs. Maunsell and Company, of Dublin. In it Mr. J. M. Synge, author of "The Playboy of the Western World, continues his series of sympathetic studies of Irish life. There are many other contributions in prose and verse from prominent Irish writers and the miscellany is illustrated by Mr. J. B. Yeats and Mr. William Orpen. This number is the first number of *The Shanachie* in its new form as a Quarterly.

The next production of the Incorporated Stage Society will be Brieux's *Les Hennetons*, translated by H. M. Clark. The play will be produced by Miss Janet Achurch at the Imperial Theatre on March 24 and 25 and the cast will include: Charles V. France, Nigel Playfair, Edmund Gwenn, Kenneth Rivington, Ashton Tonge, Miss Mabel Hackney, Miss Dora Barton, Miss Florence Adale, and Miss Lola Duncan.

French art is so inadequately represented in the National Gallery that the Trustees are especially to be congratulated on their latest purchase, Hyacinthe Rigaud's *Lulli and his Fellow Musicians at the French Court*. It is a characteristic and admirable example of a painter who, if no great master, was an accomplished draughtsman, a suave colourist, and an essentially national artist. The new acquisition, which is hung in Room XVI., has necessitated some re-arrangement of the French pictures, and Fantin-Latour's fine portrait-group has been removed from the screen in this gallery to the wall of the adjoining room, where it is flanked by two other recent acquisitions, Boudin's *The Port of Trouville*, and *Sunny Days in the Forest* by Diaz.

A new edition of the catalogue of the National Gallery of British Art has been issued with notes on the "new" Turners last year discovered in the cellars of the National Gallery, and now cleansed and hung at the Tate Gallery. Among the notes is a letter written by Turner from the Isle of Wight, and directing his correspondent to purchase for him from Newman's some colours and canvases which it is believed he used for some of the Solent pictures at Millbank.

The second of the two known autograph manuscripts by Petrarch, his *Life of Cæsar* (the other is *de sua ipsius et multorum ignorantia*), is being published, by subscription. The editor is M. Léon Dorez, rue Littré, Paris, and the ninety-seven quarto plates are due to Berthaud Brothers. This manuscript is now in the Bibliothèque Nationale, No. 5784 (*fonds latins*), and is supposed to be the work on which Petrarch was engaged (*instaret* is Lombardo della Seta's term, and Lombardo was an eye-witness), when he was found in his little house at Arqua, *exanimis super libro*, on the night July 18-19, 1374. After his death it passed into the library of the Prince of Carrara, then of the Duke of Milan, and from Paris was brought to Blois by Louis XIV.

An evening contemporary the other day referred to Monsieur Edmond Rostand as "one of the great poets of all time." This is a fine example of the sort of way in which indiscriminate, and indeed utterly preposterous praise is lavished on mediocrity by those who have absolutely no qualification to bestow either praise or blame. That the author of *Cyrano de Bergerac* possesses the pleasing knack of stringing together graceful couplets and "bringing down the house" with dramatic rhetoric, no one would be disposed to deny. But that he has ever written one line that could qualify him for inclusion among the ranks of the poets not of "all time," but of any time longer than the memory of a gratified first-nighter who has passed a pleasant evening, is a proposition to which we would strongly demur. Of course no one takes the literary judgments of our evening papers very seriously. They have exhausted the adjectives of the English language in praising indifferent work too often for that. They are generally dull, but at times they have the merit of consciously providing the occasion for Homeric laughter, and for this much may be forgiven them.

The less said about the Spring Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Water-colours the better. It is open. It is a great relief to come upon the work of Mr. Moffat Lindney, Mr. Mortimer Mempes and Mr. Hassall, but the best example of technique is undoubtedly the *Blackleaded Jane* of Mr. W. B. E. Ranken, an artist of great promise, once both the pride and the envy of the Slade School.

The principal printing press in Tibet is situated at Nartang near Shigatse, within the jurisdiction of the Teshi Lama. It was visited by Sarat Chandra Das, and a correspondent of the Anglo-Indian *Pioneer* who has lately returned from that part of Tibet gives the following interesting particulars of the system of printing. The Tibetan printers are still at the stage of the block-book, for which each page had to be carved separately on a single block of wood, and many thousands of such blocks are kept in stock at Nartang. Each wooden block is about twenty-four inches long by twelve inches wide, one face having carved upon it a complete page of lettering. The method of printing is primitive in the extreme and consists in laying the paper on a flat surface and levering the block upon it with a long handle much as the village blacksmith works his bellows. Sarat Chandra Das endeavoured to simplify the process by presenting a lithographic press to the Tibetan Prime Minister, but it fell under the suspicion of being intended to diffuse smallpox, and no one ventured to unpack it for many months. As the correspondent mentioned found the old system of block printing still in use the other day it evidently never became popular.

## LITERATURE

### THE GHOST OF A THRILL

*The Monk.* A Romance. By M. G. LEWIS. Edited by E. A. BAKER, M.A. (Routledge, 6s.)

I SUPPOSE it does us no harm to be reminded that the taste of our ancestors was occasionally bad. We are unreasonably proud of the various inventions which facilitate our intercourse and destroy our nerves, but in matters of art we are, on the whole, modest in our pretensions. At least we are all agreed that "the public"—no member of it ever including himself in the denotation—is fond of rubbish, or (if I may decorate this article with the beautiful words of Mr. George Moore) that it is "a foul cur, feeding upon offal." It may do us no harm, then, to be reminded that the public of a hundred years ago had its rubbish, not to say its offal, also. And there is further consolation in the fact that whereas no cultivated person, except on the sly, reads *our* rubbish—the works, that is to say, of X. and Y. and Z.—"The Monk" was accepted as a really great affair by all sorts of people who should have known better. Fielding and Sterne had been, and Byron and Keats and Shelley were soon to be, but meanwhile Mr. Mathew Gregory Lewis held the stage with his "Monk" and was applauded as a genius. It makes one almost cheerful to reflect upon it.

Since the rubbish of one generation is seldom the rubbish of another, it is not likely that the publishers anticipate a revival of popularity for "The Monk." Its reissue is probably meant to be rather instructive than amusing, to show us what manner of book this was, perhaps the most notorious of its kind and interesting in the history of fiction. That being the case, Mr. Baker's Introduction is perhaps not to be blamed for being the reverse of inviting. "Allow me," he says in effect, "to introduce Mr. 'Monk' Lewis to you. You will find him an almost intolerable bore. He is crude to the last degree. His writing is despicable. He has, to speak generally, all the faults a writer can have, and not one of the merits. I am delighted to make you acquainted." It is depressing—more depressing than it need have been. For "The Monk," though rubbish, to be sure, in an artistic point of view, is clever rubbish. A book which influenced Shelley so much as this seems to have done, can hardly be stupid. The hob-goblin business, the Bleeding Nun, the diabolic magic, the exulting fiend, and all that, leaves one cold, of course; the age is past when it could thrill one. The charnel-house business—the moulding corpses and creeping worms—is merely disgusting. The sensual business, which got the author into such a dreadful scrape, misses its intention: it is commonplace, merely the artless cataloguing realism of a naughty young man, which never yet, I imagine, made a really sensuous appeal to any one. But the book, in spite of a woolly style, is conducted vigorously; the human part of the intrigue is not undramatic; there is a sort of visualising, at least, of the characters—a quality which I think no really popular fiction, however absurd otherwise, ever entirely lacks. Then there is the ballad of "Alonzo the Brave and fair Imogene," once so famous, now forgotten, but certainly a spirited performance: the line describing the skeleton,

The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out

is a good line, say what you will. I think there is merit in "The Monk" and I rather wish Mr. Baker had set himself to make out a case for it, a gracious act in an introducer.

However, he gives us some excellent literary criticism, calling our attention to the forerunners and successors of "The Monk." He points out with truth that nearly all of them lacked was the atmosphere of horror and terror, being content with piling up horrible or terrible incidents. In romance generally Walter Scott is the supreme example of romantic atmosphere, and most of

our wearisome contemporary romancers—with a dozen romantic incidents per book for every one of his—are examples of its absence. In horrifying or terrifying romance poor Mat Lewis is a fine instance of atmosphere left out, and Mr. Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw"—to which Mr. Baker refers—the supreme instance of its triumphant presence. That, certainly, is the most strongly horrible and terrible fiction I have ever read, without any exception whatever, and judged by such a standard "The Monk" is poor stuff indeed. Having nothing to say in favour of it, Mr. Baker might have said something in favour of Mat Lewis. He must have been a terrible little soul. In Lockhart's Scott and in Byron's letters and journals there is much about him that is amusing, quaint and attractive—about his pigmy form, his protruding eyes, his West Indian property, his mirror-lined bookcases, his short-sighted horsemanship, his extraordinary attire for shooting, his snobbishness and kindness of heart. Both Scott and Byron had a weakness for him and he will live by that when his "Monk," in spite of this re-issue, is finally forgotten.

G. S. STREET.

#### GEORGE CRABBE

*George Crabbe and His Times.* By RENÉ HUCHON. Translated by FREDERICK CLARKE, M.A. (Murray, 15s. net.)  
*Un Poète Réaliste Anglais.* Par R. HUCHON. (Librairie Hachette.)

THE Reverend George Crabbe has been receiving much attention lately. The Cambridge University Press have issued a compendious edition of his works in three stout volumes, and now Mr. Murray has published a translation of M. Huchon's detailed critical and biographical study. M. Huchon, who is lecturer in English Literature at the University of Nancy, has done his work with elaborate care and minute thoroughness. His book is of interest and of value. Crabbe's poetry lends itself to such treatment; it is good enough to warrant study. In a minute examination of his work nothing of its spirit passes away. No hint of that detestable attitude exists, of the man who can peep and botanise upon his mother's grave. The ground is good ground, but not sacred. Study George Crabbe with a microscope, and if such study is ever beneficial, you will surely be able better to understand Wordsworth. Crabbe was on very right lines; he was rarely inspired. Dissect the poetry of inspiration, and you inevitably miss its significance. Dissect the poetry of care, and you may be on the road to the mood in which inspiration can speak intelligibly.

Hazlitt, in his essay in "The Spirit of the Age," does not do justice to Crabbe. He says many brilliant things and some true things; but the part of truth that he sees is the lower part.

His song is one sad reality, one unraised, unvaried note of unavailing woe . . . Whatever is, he hitches into rhyme . . . His Muse is not one of the Daughters of Memory, but the old toothless mumbling dame herself, doling out the gossip and scandal of the neighbourhood. . . . Mr. Crabbe's writings . . . will remain "as a thorn in the side of poetry" perhaps for a century to come.

That is the gist of Hazlitt's opinion—with some praise inserted grudgingly or perhaps as an effective contrast to the brilliant fertility of his strictures.

But Crabbe was something more than a tedious maker of rhyming couplets, something more than a confirmed recorder of distressing gossip. Hazlitt hated orthodoxy as deeply as he loved walking. It was enough for him that Crabbe was a conscientious Church of England clergyman. And orthodoxy then was a strong and sterilising power which deserved hatred; now, when its power is almost in comparison non-existent, it is possible to look on Crabbe without exasperation.

The life that he led was indeed as quietly interesting as the poems which he wrote. One illustrates the other with extraordinary happiness. He lived a quiet unpretentious

life. From a desperate struggle for bread as a medical practitioner in a country village, he emerged into comfort and a literary respectability. His view of life was of the same nature. He sees all the distress and the gloom; and he writes about it from an assured place which he has gained by his own strength and initiative. He writes with the same fidelity and the same amiable success that characterise his life. He observes minutely both man and nature: he records his observations without bitterness, without enthusiasm, but with absolute accuracy. Always there is the same mild persistence in his work, which is noticeable in his life: and by that mild persistence he arrived at ease in life and at fame in letters. It is his individuality by which he was enabled to strike a new note in literature, a note whose sound lives on by its haunting sincerity. The last thing a commonplace man usually wishes to appear is—to be commonplace. Nearly every man's first shift is to seem other than he is—to ape little airs or little graces which are not his own. George Crabbe aped nothing. It is as though he set his teeth and resolutely determined to remain as he was, without flinching at the knowledge that he was commonplace. To this sincerity he owes his greatness, and his originality—a paradox which comforts without any trace of mockery.

George Crabbe was born on December 24, 1754, at Aldboro', a small seaport on the coast of Suffolk, which has become a little watering-place with a parade and many little villas. His father struggled hard for a livelihood, and seems to have been the handy man of the small seaport. He collected salt duties, he worked for the Custom House, he caught fish, and when he came home in the evening he used to read Milton and Young, selecting passages "with much judgment," and reading them aloud "with powerful effect." His favourite study, however, was mathematics, and he determined that his son George should excel in them and become a man of medicine. So George was taken from the Dame school in the village and sent to Bungay, which is some thirty miles to the north of Aldboro'. He was badly treated there and soon left, going to a school at Stowmarket, which is twenty-five miles from Aldboro'. There he stopped two years until the age of fourteen, when he was apprenticed to Mr. Smith, an apothecary, at Wickeham Brook. For some years he studied medicine with Mr. Smith and Mr. Page, of Woodbridge. It was while he lived with Mr. Page that he met and loved Sarah Elmy: he was eighteen years old at the time. He remained attached to her through all the changes of his life and environment, and eleven years afterwards, when he had made a position for himself, he married her. No better instance could be found of the mild persistence which stood him in such good stead. For his early life was full of vicissitude. He set up a little practice as apothecary in his native village, and failed in it because he decided to learn more science in London; on his return, after ten months, he found that the man who had taken over his work had joined with a rival and that his practice was quite gone. Then he faced gradual starvation for nearly two years, until he decided to go again to London and make a living, not by medicine, but by letters. He went with five pounds in his pocket and the traditional manuscripts. It was a bold step for a man like Crabbe. At first his efforts to gain a patron or a publisher were not successful; he was reduced to the last extremity. But at length he attracted the attention of Edmund Burke, and Burke made him. He went back as curate to his native village, and was soon afterwards made chaplain to the Duke of Rutland. His troubles were at an end.

M. Huchon tells the story of these first years of persistent struggle with great minuteness, and the picture he presents of the young Crabbe is clear and convincing. His account is of course based on the life which Crabbe's son wrote; but M. Huchon weaves into the story passages from the poems which illustrate the life and throw light on the man's trend of thought. And when in the later

portion of his book he is dealing with the actual poems he develops these tendencies at which he has previously hinted, with great skill, so that he brings the reader very close to the intimate side of the poet's character. M. Huchon realises the limitations of his subject. He knows that George Crabbe burned with no message which it is incumbent on mankind to read and understand. He does not make the forlorn attempt to change his goose into a swan. He is sincere in his treatment as Crabbe himself could have been. Crabbe, however, was that interesting thing, a man who was obliged to express himself: and M. Huchon shows clearly the workings of his mind. Few men can be known so thoroughly as Crabbe—fewer poets. And for that very reason his life repays study. His poems afford a simple text-book to the study of human nature. He was commonplace in everything but his power of expression, and that is too clear to be commonplace. He is the apostle of sameness: and those only will find him dull who find that the level of life is tedious.

#### LANCASHIRE CROSSES

*The Ancient Crosses and Holy Wells of Lancashire.* By HENRY TAYLOR, F.S.A. (Manchester: Sherratt & Hughes, 42s. net.)

So numerous are the ancient crosses of Lancashire that it has taken Mr. Taylor, a local antiquary of repute, several years to trace their remains, and five hundred pages wherein to describe them. The volume, which is excellently printed and well illustrated, contains, it is true, various notes on holy wells and other antiquities, together with brief reference to most of the old churches and religious houses of the palatinate, but in the main it is a description of the old crosses that are still to be found, whole or in part, up and down the county.

Many a Lancashire resident or occasional visitor, even if possessed of archaeological tastes or of a general inquiring mind, will be astonished to realise that the remains of these symbols of a once common faith have to be reckoned by the hundreds in a county where great factory towns almost overlap each other in a considerable portion of its area.

We can well understand that old crosses are to be found in some numbers in the more northern hundreds of Lonsdale and Amounderness; and it is not altogether surprising to learn that no fewer than seventy-seven appear on the maps within a circle drawn with a ten-miles radius from Penwortham Priory, a building which dominated the town of Preston. But it is astonishing, on looking at the map of Fulford Hundred—for admirable special maps are given of each Hundred on a large scale—to find that there are forty-one old crosses or cross stumps yet extant in that generally populous district, also the probable sites of twelve others indicated. This Hundred it is true embraces a considerable area of wild loamy moorland on the east, but it is chiefly in the vicinity of the towns that crosses or cross fragments still remain. Thus a portion of a pre-Norman cross has been found on the banks of the Irwell near Eccles, and another cross and various sculptured stones of like early date at Bolton-le-Moors.

Market crosses are always matters of interest. The old Manchester Market cross has long ago disappeared, but Mr. Taylor is able to give us an illustration of its appearance immediately prior to the general clearance made in 1815-16, when there was a lofty shaft of graceful work of the time of Edward I., with a sundial and other later work at the summit. At its foot stands the pillory, which was last used in Manchester in 1816. There is also an interesting picture of Salford Cross, a tall classical column standing on three steps which had doubtless carried a mediæval predecessor. At the base are the stocks; this cross was demolished in 1824. It was on these steps that Wesley preached to a wild assembly in May 1747, when he was threatened with the fire-engine.

Among the pre-Conquest sculptured stones of Lan-

shire are various highly interesting churchyard crosses in such widely scattered localities as Bolton-le-Moors, Whalley, Winwick, Halton, Heysham, Hornby, Walton-on-the-Hill, Snelling, Manchester, Bolton, and Lancaster. Such remains as these prove that there was a considerable population in many a busy centre of life in the busiest of our shires in days prior to the advent of the Conqueror, and that there were amongst them those who possessed considerable skill in the production of elaborate convoluted patterns, as well as occasional figure-scenes, in the hardest of materials.

In Lancaster churchyard a variety of these striking testimonies to the skill of early Christian sculptors has been gradually brought to light. A beautiful graveyard cross, originally about six feet high, and at the very least a thousand years old, was accidentally dug up in 1807. Left carelessly in the street at the vicarage gates it soon disappeared. It was next met with in the Kendal Museum, and was thence moved to Manchester. In 1868 it was presented to the British Museum, where it may now be seen in a glass case in the Anglo-Saxon room. It bears an inscription in runes, which the expert, Dr. George Stephens, has translated as: "Pray for Cynibald Cuthbert-son": he believes it to be of the early date of somewhere between the years 600 and 700. Just about a century after this discovery—namely, in 1903—several pieces of another, though somewhat later, Norman cross of artistic design in flattered scroll-work, were found built up in the north wall of the church. One of the fragments bore the beginning of a memorial Latin inscription: *Orale pro anima Haud . . .* The archaeologist has no concern with theological disputes; but it is worth noting as a fact that almost the whole of our earliest English epitaphs, whether found in Cornwall, Lancashire, Cumberland, or elsewhere, invite prayers for the departed. The remains of several other pre-Norman crosses were at the same time brought to light at Lancaster.

The accounts of all these early sculptured stones are rendered intelligible by illustrations, and the antiquary will be glad to find that Mr. Taylor has carefully collated the various opinions of such experts as the Bishop of Bristol, Mr. J. Romilly Allen, and Mr. Collingwood as to their dates and respective patterns.

Great as has been Mr. Taylor's labour in producing this solid volume with its remarkable series of maps, the book is not without some slight drawbacks. For instance, the author does not show any mastery of the subject when referring to the various old religious orders, and stumbles into some common pitfalls. But, taken as a whole, the antiquary cannot fail to find the book helpful, whether he desires to make researches into old roads or British tracks, or into the complicated questions involved in early earthworks, or into a variety of other branches of archaeology other than crosses. For Mr. Taylor has wide tastes, and does not confine himself either in letterpress or maps to a single subject.

The general reader, too, need not fear finding this large work a mere collection of dry facts or surmises. Folklore and superstitions found their place in the writer's commonplace book as he tramped the moors when cross-hunting, and have been happily transferred to these pages. Ill-luck, for instance, is supposed to follow those who hear overhead the whistling of those "wandering Jews," a covey of plovers: "There is a tradition that they contain the souls of those Jews who assisted at the Crucifixion, and in consequence were doomed to float in the air for ever."

In discussing an ancient cross at Wiswell, about a mile from Whalley Abbey, where Paslew, the last abbot, was so monstrously executed for alleged high treason by Henry VIII., Mr. Taylor tells us that:

A few months ago some workmen were altering the chimney of an old house near Clitheroe, about five miles north of Whalley Abbey, the residence of one of the last of the Lancashire witches (*temp. James I.*), when to their horror the clay image of an ecclesiastic, stuck full of pins, tumbled down upon them. It is supposed to have been a representation of Abbot Paslew, but the men in their fright smashed it up.

## GREAT IN LITTLE

*The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen.* Entirely Revised and Edited by WILLIAM ARCHER. Copyright edition. In eleven volumes. Vols. ii., iii., iv., vi., and vii. (Heinemann, each 4s.)

*Ibsen : the Man, his Art, and his Significance.* By HALDANE MACFALL. (E. Grant Richards, 5s. net.)

We are now to have in England what Scandinavia and Germany have had for some time—a collected and definitive edition of Ibsen's plays. Mr. William Archer's single issues are being brought together, the plays arranged chronologically, and the introductions revised and enlarged by the addition of a certain amount of criticism, which was withheld from the issues published in the author's life-time. With *Love's Comedy* and *Brand* translated and edited by Professor C. H. Herford, it will be long before these handsome and cheap red volumes are likely to be superseded as the standard edition of Ibsen. By beginners in the study of Ibsen Mr. Haldane Macfall's book may be consulted with advantage. Boiled down, his enthusiastic chapters amount to a fair exposition of some portions of Ibsen's genius.

Few people can give more than that. Ibsen has been compared with Shakespeare as a pure dramatist; he is like him also in this, that it will need a great deal of Ibsen-literature to expound him fully. There is a great deal of it already, and much of it worthless. Often in Ibsen's letters we find complaints that people insist on misunderstanding him; and we know how they made a parish-pump-party pamphlet of *Peer Gynt*. But every commentator of sense has something new to add to the meanings which Ibsen's characters and situations may legitimately be held to bear; and now and then we find some critic plunging through the legitimate interpretation and declaring that he has found a whole new world of meaning on the other side of the looking-glass. All the plays have, indeed, three separate faces, each of which deserves study: first, the actual story, as told of *Peer Gynt*, or *Brand*, or *Hedda Gabler*; next the story as interpreted in the light of the internal or external history of Norway; and last and greatest, the universal story, the story of human nature as a whole, which Ibsen, like Shakespeare, never fails to tell through the means of the particular plot.

If it were not for that universal story, Ibsen would be intolerable. Putting aside the heroes of the dramatic poems, *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* (or even perhaps not putting them aside), his people are, as at least one critic has had the courage to say, hopelessly middle-class, *bourgeois*, or rather suburban. They are sometimes one-quarter educated—just enough to be of painfully bad taste, conceited, "refined"—when they are not on the lower but pleasanter level of sheer ignorance and comfortable sensualism. There would be no enduring these shockingly genteel people, with their feeble characters and badly veneered minds, if they stood for themselves only. To the English reader it matters little that people in Norway may be like that: we, of course, shrug our shoulders and thank Providence once more for its great mercies in making us English. And the relation of the story to Norway is of little avail. No one outside Norway cares what the people of Norway are like for their own sake. Fish, not men, are the true Norwegians for the world at large; and you cannot acquire world-wide reputation by satirising the parson and the beadle, when the parson and the beadle are known only in their own parish. There are a very great many unpleasant young women in the world; the Court Theatre would not be crowded twice a week to see an unpleasant young woman who was a complete stranger.

The uncomfortable, engrossing fact is that these dreadfully suburban people represent in every case some aspect of ourselves or our friends. They may have ugly names and wear ugly clothes, and be genteel and devoid of taste, but they are—beneath those externals—the very people

who are watching them or reading about them. Yet no one person of our acquaintance quite absorbs them. The papers have lately expounded as many different views of *Hedda Gabler* as there were critics; and it is the story of the tribal lays over again—every single one of them was right. There are more *Hedda Gablers* than there are *Iagos* or *Hamlets*; and yet, like *Iago* and *Hamlet*, the character stands out in strong outline, clear and permanent. Ibsen has touched the universal, and not only *Hedda Gabler* but all his more deeply studied characters will go on presenting new meanings to different men and different ages without losing their individuality. This it is to be a classic; and thus we get the strange spectacle of certain close satiric studies of modern life in a very small and unimportant circle of commonplace and unpleasant people setting the civilised world by the ears. There is only one possible parallel—*Molière*; and he is no genuine parallel; for the squabbles over *Molière* were squabbles over royal patronage, over two schools of acting and over the respect due to the Church, and they were confined to France. The whole of Europe has squabbled over Ibsen; and it is quite possible for the same man to be at loggerheads with himself over him. (Contrast Mr. Max Beerbohm, the caricaturist, and Mr. Max Beerbohm, the dramatic critic.)

To take an instance from the greatest branch of Ibsen's work—the dramatic poems: There are moods in which one pities *Peer Gynt*, moods in which one despises him, and moods in which one envies him. Such a character is not at all uncommon in imaginative writing. We see him in *Sentimental Tommy*, and again in the Christopher Dell of Father Benson's "*The Sentimentalists*" to take two of recent instances. He is of a type which it is easy to despise; the theatrical, sentimental, emotional type, that is so self-conscious as to be selfless. He is always acting a part, seeing himself from the outside as the hero of the scene, living not one life but a hundred. And, in some ways, a very enviable temperament it is. It implies constant hopefulness; whatever the apes may throw, however soulless and mercenary your *Anitra* may be, or however clearly you may know what your Green-clad-one really is, the next scene is sure to be "fat" for you; and meanwhile there is no one so fitted to be happy in adversity as yourself, for whom the imagined and not the actual is the real. Your very griefs are pleasures, when they give the chance of striking an attitude. Looking back over the life of *Peer Gynt*, one is able, with no self-deception, to see it a very happy life, compact of experience, dreams and hope. Now, no one has ever treated this disposition so fully as Ibsen. Other writers are content to dwell on its shortcomings: Ibsen, while savagely satirising it and throwing its possessor into all sorts of uncomfortable and ridiculous situations, never forgets its merits nor its rewards. *Peer Gynt* made his mother's death-bed happy (and, by the way, there are few such scenes, and few such characters as *Ase*, in all fiction), thoroughly enjoys, for a time, each of his various impersonations, and finds a *Solveig* in the end. Even without the *Solveig*, his would have been a happy life. At the same time, no one has so remorselessly turned the character of the sentimentalist inside out, in *Peer Gynt* and other studies, as Ibsen. Only, he is a dramatist. He leaves you alone with his creations. He is not dogmatic nor didactic; and though he may have believed himself a social reformer, he was, first and last, an "artist," a creator of imaginative life.

He did not, as a matter of fact, believe himself a social reformer, but a social solvent. To ask, not to answer, he said or wrote to some one, was his business. And it is difficult in trying to come to some conclusion about the whole trend of his work not to believe that he took a malicious kind of pleasure in shaking himself, like the path in "*Alice in Wonderland*," just when people fancied they saw the way along him. "You thought I meant that?" he seems to say. "Well, there you are! That is what you look like when you try to follow my advice." He is always saying, "There you are!"—an

unpleasant habit which makes worthy, sentimental people hot and self-conscious, and will go on doing so as long as the world is full—as it always will be—of sentimental, worthy, half-hearted, mean self-deceivers. The trouble of it is that the irritating cry comes not from a mere scoffer, but from a poet and a dramatic creator of consummate ability. Satire, as a rule, is the work of men of sluggish imagination and a keen nose for details. In Ibsen, almost alone among satirists (for we would except John Dryden), we find it combined with wide and deep sympathies and a lofty imagination. And therefore, to those who care to look for it, Mr. Archer's eleven red volumes will disclose much that is great, not only in the great dramatic poems, but in the unsparing studies of the infinitely little. The spectacles and the whiskers must be admitted—but look at the head which towers above them.

#### THE HIGHER CHURCHMANSHIP

*A Free Catholic Church.* By J. M. LLOYD-THOMAS. (Williams & Norgate, 1s. 6d.)

THE religious reformer is ever with us. Every year the number of sects and religious organisations increases. The world is very patient with fanatics and visionaries who come to it with some new or patched-up scheme for its salvation. As if conscious of some inherent flaw in its composition it is always ready to lend a listening ear to those who moralise about its unsoundness. In his brief essay on the establishment of what he calls "A Free Catholic Church," Mr. Lloyd Thomas shows himself if not a fanatic, at any rate a wholly unpractical visionary. He attempts in a rather vague way to systematise the pious aspirations of a number of theologians and divines from whom he has quoted freely. Here we have the Abbé Loisy and Father Tyrrell, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Dr. Martineau, Channing, Dr. Hermann, Professor Sidgwick and many others. Strangely enough no reference is made to Mr. Mallock, who in his "Religion as a Credible Doctrine" and other books has covered much of the same ground. Mr. Lloyd Thomas is impressed by the great changes which religious thought is undergoing at the present day. He believes that by the establishment of a Free Catholic Church he has found a way out of sectarian controversy, a method of reconciling the opposition of Anglicanism and Dissent, of Romanism and Protestantism. He believes that the way lies only through the unconditional surrender of the dogmatic system of organisation. He advocates a "Church" based on "union of spirit." Can the historic faith, he asks, re-state and re-present itself to the modern mind as a Religion capable of answering the highest demands and needs of men? Does it contain within itself elements of indestructible vitality which may still quicken the best conscience of the race and provide a noble fellowship for souls? Adopting the argument of development he concludes that the Church can only live by ever reforming itself, ever sloughing off the old and putting on the new. "Obsolete theologies will naturally and without violence pass away, but the Religion of the Spirit will abide eternally young." Now theoretically much that Mr. Lloyd Thomas has to say is very excellent and beautiful but practically it is vitally unsound. No one denies—least of all the modern Catholic—the theory of development. It is the very argument that the Catholic uses against the Protestant rule of faith. But development must be on the lines of its original character, just as "the acorn grows always and everywhere into an oak, and never into an elm or a beech." A new aspect of truth may be revealed to a new generation, but the truth of one age cannot on the theory of development become the lie of the next. The fact is that the idea of a "free" Catholic Church, the embodiment of all truth, ancient and modern, shorn of all superstitions, selecting the good and beautiful from all

sides, including in its meshes all sorts and conditions of men of all varieties of belief, is a wild and impossible dream. If Mr. Lloyd Thomas believes in revealed as opposed to natural religion, he must admit the necessity of some final authority to whom appeals can be made in matters of Faith. The Protestant has his infallible book, the Catholic his infallible Church. It is all very well for the author to attempt to make a hard and fast line between doctrine and dogma. As Auguste Sabatier wrote: "One cannot conceive either dogma without a Church, or a Church without a dogma." However elastic the conditions of fellowship in the event, there must be always some sort of understood or recognised fixed principles to bind men together. A Church cannot exist on mere sentiment, and no corporate body can continue for long or exercise any real influence on mankind that advocates general principles and counsels of perfection. Even Dr. Martineau, whose thoughts are quoted again and again by the author with admiration, allowed himself to be captured, in his later years at any rate, by the Unitarian body—a close corporation distinguished by much intellectual arrogance. Noble souls (and Dr. Martineau was among them) will ever cherish in their hearts the fine idea of a grand all-comprehending Church that shall include all in its spiritual fatherhood and break down scornfully the barriers of creed and dogma. Men may, like Coleridge, object to any formula less elastic than life, and feel that nothing can ever have any binding force that excludes from them any form of experience. But such sentiments are for the individual and not for a Church. Every man's soul may soar above the limitations of his creed. And one theory is certain. The bulk of mankind does not want—probably never will want—a "reasonable" religion. A "free Catholic Church" on the lines laid down by Mr. Lloyd Thomas, with its sweet reasonableness and universal tolerance, would soon degenerate into one of the rival sects. Where reason ends faith steps in and "I-believe-because-it-is-impossible," will continue to express the attitude of the believer in regard to the doctrines and mysteries of the Christian Religion.

A. E. M. F.

#### A BOEOTIAN ATTICIST

*Greek Lives from Plutarch.* Translated by C. E. BYLES, B.A With Illustrations and Maps. (Arnold, 1s. 6d.)

"AND will they take the poor boy's life for the like o' that?" "Bedad they will—and if he had as many lives as Plutarch." This colloquy was overheard not very long ago between two Irish peasants who were discussing some venial peccadillo—perhaps the murder of a landlord—committed by a common friend. Though the peasant's information about Plutarch was far from accurate, seeing that he regarded the Greek writer as the possessor, not merely the author, of many lives, yet the incident affords a strong testimony to the wide-spread popularity of Plutarch's *Lives*, of which perhaps the ancestor of our *persona* had heard from the Hedge Schoolmaster. Probably no work which has come down from antiquity has had a greater vogue, save perhaps the philosophical treatises of Cicero, those matchless *causeries* of which Mommsen has written:

Any one who seeks classical productions in works so written can only be advised to study in literary matters a becoming silence.

That is, the world is enjoined to maintain a respectful silence while a German savant bays at the benign Moon which sheds on us so exquisitely the rays borrowed from the Sun of Greek Philosophy.

Plutarch was born in Chaeronea, which Epaminondas named "Mars's Ballroom" ("Αρεως δρυγότρπα"), because thrice the God of War summoned thither the hosts of Hellas to the dance of death. So Belgium has been called "the cockpit of Europe." Juvenal and others stigmatise

Boeotia as the home of mutton-heads (*vervecum patria*, Juv.), yet it produced Pindar, the most inspired lyric poet of Greece, Epaminondas, the greatest soldier save Alexander, and Plutarch, the prince of biographers, who never found his own biographer; to our great loss. A good deal of the story of his life may, however, be gathered from his voluminous writings, and we can see that he had a happy life of leisured ease. The tradition that he was made consul, though put forward by Mr. Byles as an established fact, really rests on no trustworthy basis. He was contemporary with eleven Roman Emperors, from Claudius to Hadrian. He wrote in Greek, and though he spent some years in Rome and other parts of Italy, he seems never to have acquired any knowledge of Latin. He never quotes or even refers to any Latin writer, except once to Horace:

To which Flaccus the poet alludes when he says that a man is not really rich unless the valuables of which he knows nothing are more than those which he knows himself to possess.

The allusion is in the life of Lucullus, c. 39, and to Hor. Epp. i. 6, 45.

Exilis domus est ubi non et multa supersunt  
et dominum fallunt et prosunt furibus.

He knows nothing of Christianity, though before he began to write St. Peter and St. Paul had completed their mission. It is amazing how long Christianity failed to assert itself. There is good reason to think that the saintly Marcus Aurelius honestly believed that the Christians were cannibals and practised free love.

Plutarch in the beginning of his life of Paulus Aemilius speaks of the benefit he derived from his work. We give the passage in the words of Sir Thomas North's translation (1579) so largely used by Shakespeare:

When I first began to write these *Lives* my intent was to profit other; but since continuing and going on I have much profited myself by looking into these histories as if I looked into a glass, to frame and fashion my life to the mould and pattern of these virtuous noblemen. For running over their manners in this sort, and seeking also to describe their lives, methinks I am still conversant and familiar with them, and do as it were lodge them with me one after another. I do teach and prepare myself to shake off and banish from me all lewd and dishonest conditions, if by chance the company and conversation of them whose company I keep do acquaint me with some unhappy or ungracious touch.

It is this spirit which has made the *Lives* (in the words of Madame Roland) "la pâture des grands âmes," "a breviary," as characterised by Montaigne.

The *Lives* contained in the volume before us are not the most interesting and do not include any of those used by Shakespeare. As a specimen of Mr. Byles's translation, which is excellent on the whole, we would give a passage from the *Lycurgus* which probably suggested to Milton a noble passage in *Paradise Lost*, i. 550:

Anon they move  
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders—such as raised  
To height of noblest temper heroes old  
Arming to battle, and instead of rage  
Deliberate valour breathed.

This is Mr. Byles's version:

When they came in sight of the enemy the phalanx was formed and the king, after sacrificing a goat, gave orders for all to wear garlands and for the flute-players to play the march of Castor. At the same moment he led the singing of the paean as the signal for advance. It was a solemn and awe-inspiring sight as they moved forward, keeping step to the flute in perfect order and composure, cheerfully and gaily advancing into danger to the sound of the music.

Old North, of course, has a distinction of style quite absent from Mr. Byles's rendering. We give his version of the same passage which very probably inspired Milton. It is to be noted that Mr. Byles has omitted as irrelevant or superfluous the last paragraph containing the distinctive note of the Miltonic passage; and has abridged the text and lowered the tone throughout:

Afterwards when their army was set in battle array, even in the face of the enemies, the king did straight sacrifice a goat unto the gods, and forthwith commanded all his soldiers to put their garlands of flowers on their heads, and willed that the pipes should sound the song of Castor, at the noise and tune whereof he himself began first to move forward: so that it was a marvellous pleasure and likewise a dreadful sight to see the whole battle march together in order at the sound of their pipes, and never to break their pace nor confound their ranks, nor to be dismayed or amazed themselves, but to go on quietly and joyfully at the sound of their pipes, and to hazard themselves even to death.

For it is likely that such courages are not troubled with much fear, nor yet overcome with much fury; but rather they have an assured constancy and valiantness in good hope as those which are backed with the assisting favour of the gods.

The celebrated scene between Themistocles and Eurybiades is mistranslated, as it invariably is, both in Plutarch and in Herodotus. The word *πανιζούται* does not mean "are flogged": no free Greek would be flogged for starting before the signal: the most it means is "feel the starter's ratan"; and *ἀπλειθείται* signifies "those who make a bad start" not "those who are left behind." Mr. Byles does not seem to see the point of the story that Philip sang the words of Demosthenes's decree. The first formal words of it happened to fall into the metre of an iambic tetrameter catalectic. There is no play on the word "paean." It is unfortunate that he took on him to mark the quantities of Greek names: the result is *Chæronea*, *Demâdes*, and (worst of all) *Archytas*. *Androgeus* is a wrong form, the penultimate letter being *ω* in Greek. As well might one write *Minus* for *Minos*. The name of the burglar, to whom Demosthenes apologised for burning the midnight oil so late and thus inconveniencing him in the exercise of his calling, is happily rendered *Brassbound*, and there are many ingenious phrases and vigorous passages.

R. Y. TYRELL.

#### THE COMPLEAT GENTLEMAN

*Peacham's Compleat Gentleman.* With an Introduction by G. S. GORDON. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 5s. net.)

A FAMOUS wit, notoriously careless of his own attire, used to say that there was only one way to decide a man's claim to the title of finished gentleman—by glancing at his boots. A clergyman himself, "Let us leave the white flower of a blameless life to be plucked by clergymen and fools," he said. It was unlike Sydney Smith—the pose, no doubt, of a man who was not an accomplished poseur—but at bottom his contempt for the white flower was as great as Peacham's ecstasy on finding it gracing the button-hole of one he loved.

Bare the so thow haue no blame,  
Than men wylle say herafter  
That a gentylleman was heere.

That was Peacham's conception of a gentleman. Other times, other manners; but he set forth his opinion in an age not remarkable for unwavering obedience to the canons of morality—or, for that matter, for very clearly defined canons of morality—and he followed up his precept, we may conjecture, by an admirable practice.

"The Compleat Gentleman," which has now been added to the Oxford Tudor and Stuart Library, is to some extent, a record of the manners of the better class of Cavalier before the Civil Wars. It is, as Mr. Gordon observes in an interesting though unnecessary introduction, a part of the great body of literature of Courtesy which awaits the discerning and sympathetic historian. With the contention that the gentleman is the product of his age we are not inclined to agree. It is true that—as the editor, with a parade reminiscent of the scholar he comments on, remarks—Achilles listening to the Centaur or Ulysses with Minerva at his elbow, the young Academicians of Athens, the orators of Cicero and Quintilian, are as much a part of the fascinating history of the gentleman as the Courtier of Castiglione and the "Compleat Gentleman," as Chesterfield's man of fashion and the

beaux of the Georges; but the gentleman is a product of evolution; and that it is only by the frills and the flounces that the gentlemen of one age can be distinguished from those of another is well shown by the book before us.

It is the work of a finished scholar who had travelled much and had instituted comparisons, from which his fellow countrymen emerged ignominiously. Peacham tried to redress the balance; and many of the arguments contained in the earlier chapters of his book have been repeated—without the quaint and exquisite garb in which he dressed them—time and again in the debates on the Education Bill in the House of Commons. Every grievance he sets forth exists or has its counterpart to-day; and every remedy he suggests deserves the consideration of the politician of to-morrow. That is no slight recommendation of a book written nearly three centuries ago.

At the outset he apologises for the publication of a treatise not originally intended for the general reader, and explains the circumstances which led to its conception:

At my coming over [from France], considering the great forwardness, and proficience of children in other Countries, the backwardnesse and rawnesse of ours; the industry of Masters there, the ignorance and idlenesse of most of ours; the exceeding care of Parents in their childrens Education, the negligence of ours: Being taken through change of ayre with a Quartaine Fever, that leasure I had *dw̄b παραζευμοῦ*, as I may truly say, by fits I employed upon this discourse for the private use of a Noble young Gentleman my friend, not intending it should ever see light. . . . Howsoever I have done it, and if thou shalt find herein any thing that may content, at the least, not distaste thee, I shall be glad and encouraged to a more serious Pece: if neither, but out of a malignant humour, disdain what I have done, I care not; I have pleased my selfe.

The union of nobility and sound learning is, he considers, the only surety of a country's glory; and of that marriage alone is the compleat gentleman born. The bridegrooms were many, but he found "that sweet bride, Good Learning," unconsciously hard to capture; and this he attributes to the facts that parents neglect their obvious duty and that the students

out of the Masters carterly judgement, like Horses in a teame, are set to draw all alike, when some one or two prime and able wits in the Schoole, *ἀδροῦσαρτοι* (which he culs out to admiration if strangers come, as a Costardmonger his fairest Pippins) like fleete hounds goe away with the game, when the rest neede helping over a stile a mile behind.

He does not, however, lay the blame entirely at the door of the schoolmaster; is it not commonly seen, he asks, "that the most Gentlemen will give better wages and deal more bountifully with a fellow who can but teach a Dogge, or reclaine an Hawke, than upon an honest, learned and well-qualified man to bring up their children"? And hence it is, he observes sapiently, that "Dogges are able to make Syllogisms in the fields, when their young Masters can conclude nothing at home, if occasion of argument or discourse be offered at the Table." The boys are sent to a University and return home "as wise as Ammonius his Asse, that went with his Master every day to the Schoole, to hear *Origen* and *Porphyrie* reade Philosophy," because, having been taken from school at the ages of twelve, thirteen, or fourteen:

when they come to Lōgicke, and the crabbed grounds of Arts, there is such a disproportion betweene Aristotle's *Categories*, and their childish capacities, that what together with the sweetnesse of libertie, varietie of companie, and so many kinds of recreation in Towne and Fields abroad, (beeing like young Lapwings apt to bee snatched up by every Buzzard) they proove with Homers Willow *ωνελκαπτα*, and as good goe gather Cockles with *Caligulas* people on the Sand, as yet to attempt the difficulties of so rough and terrible a passage.

We have touched only on the early chapters of a fascinating book. With the discourses on Stile in Speaking and Writing, on Poetry, on Musicke, on Antiquities, on Statues and Medals, on Painting in Oyle, on Reputation and Carriage, we have not space to deal; but an anagram by the author "upon the name of a brave and

beautifull lady, wife to Sir Robert Mordaunt, sonne and heire to Sir Le Straunge Mordaunt, Knight and Baronet in the Countie of Norfolke," is worth quoting:

Amie Mordaunt,  
Tu more Dinam.  
Tum ore Dinam.  
Minerva, domat.  
Me induat amor.  
Nuda, & te miram.  
Vi tandem amor.

For all his quaint affectations, Peacham is never wearisome, and almost every page of his curious attempt to fashion youth "absolut, in the most necessary and commendable Qualities concerning Minde or Body, that may be required in a Noble Gentleman" yields some quaint and interesting metaphor, a fine phrase, an acute observation, or a piece of sound common sense. The book deserves to be read, if only for its exquisite prose.

#### FOUR NOTABLE WOMEN

*The Women Artists of Bologna.* By LAURA M. RAGG. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net.)

IN "The Women Artists of Bologna," Mrs. Ragg has given us a work of marked and exceptional interest. To the English traveller, Bologna is probably one of the least known of the cities of Italy, and while she ranks high among Italians as the home and centre of intellectual thought and movement, the tourist knows little of her art and less of her history. And yet "no city in the world," Mrs. Ragg tells us, "has produced more women of distinguished talent," none "has been more prompt to further their achievements, more generous in crowning their success." From out the group of cultured, artistic and philanthropic women of Bologna, Mrs. Ragg has selected four artists: Caterina dei Vigri, the Nun (1413-1463); Properzia de' Rossi, the Sculptor (1500? - 1530); Lavinia Fontana, the Portrait Painter (1552-1612); Elisabetta Sirani, the disciple of Guido Reni (1638-1665); and has sketched them with grace of touch, insight into character, and a considerable feeling for art.

The larger part of the book is devoted to Caterina dei Vigri, who is also without doubt the most attractive of these four Bolognese women. Her father was a well-to-do learned citizen, her mother "who bore the sweet Italian name of Benvenuta" was of the Bolognese family of Mamolini, and Caterina was their only child. At the age of eleven she was chosen as the playmate of the little Pricesssa Margherita, one of the natural daughters of Niccolo d'Este, Marquis of Ferrara; and the friendship begun in youth between the two girls lasted till Caterina's death in 1463. The surroundings in which she was placed were not of a high or moral nature, for as Mrs. Ragg plainly tells us

the environment of Caterina's youth sufficiently indicates the low standards prevailing in the most cultured and enlightened circles of the day. The little girl was placed by tender and pious parents in a household of bastards—affectionately acknowledged by a prince who died the father of three hundred illegitimate children—and in surroundings where it was obvious she would have every opportunity of gathering material for her future generalisation, that "the crying vices of her time were ambition, avarice, and that most abominable sin which is contrary to the virginal and chaste beauty of Christ."

A single life such as many a woman leads, and leads happily to-day, was an impossibility in those times:

Between the cloister and the domestic hearth she must needs choose. There was no place in Caterina's world for the unprotected, independent spinster; and if the cloister were cold, the hearth may well have seemed to her to be lit by a very fitful flame.

Charming, too, is the account of her first attempt at authorship, of the secreting of her manuscript and of her casting that same manuscript into the oven when she found that prying eyes had perused her writings and

discovered her secret. Her experiences during her novitiate as bakeress and portress are also delightfully told. Her life as founder and organiser at the convent of Corpus Domini; her sympathy in dealing with those of her "beloved daughters" whose sicknesses of mind, even more than body, needed discreet and loving handling; her love of music and painting are brought forward in so living and graphic a way as to make us feel that we have indeed known and loved this Saint of Bologna. And this feeling makes us almost shudder at the description given of her mortal remains, not laid to rest beneath some lovely cloister or within the shadow of a great cathedral, but set up in ostentatious view in the chapel dedicated to her, where:

beneath a gorgeous canopy the "Santa" sits enthroned, to receive the homage of the faithful. The body is unsupported; the posture is natural; the skin on hands and feet and face is perfect, uncorrupted, it is said flexible. . . . A splendid diadem glitters above the black veil; the brown habit of the poor Clare is replaced by a regal mantle; there is a written notice in the cell that priests are permitted to kiss the Santa's hands. That the woman who yearned for strict seclusion and shunned observation, who in early youth fled from the pomps and vanities of a court, and who loved poverty as whole-heartedly as her master St. Francis—that this humble, sensitive, reserved gentlewoman should be thus arrayed in garish splendour, and exposed to the gaze of the curious, seems the irony of a satiric fate."

We have but little space left for the other sketches contained in this book and which include the sculptress Properzia de' Rossi, who died in 1530 "in the height of her fame, in the heyday of her beauty," renowned for her talents as a singer and musician as well as for her gifts as a sculptress; the portrait-painter Lavinia Fontana, whose existence was not stirred by emotion or passion, and whose life was so prosperous and uneventful as to possess but little history. Her contemporary fame as an artist was greater than her posthumous reputation, but some of her work, especially the large group of the Gozzadini family, entitles her to a place among the noted women of her native town. The last sketch, that of Elisabetta Sirani, brings before us a pleasing personality as well as a clever artist, and does away with the legend that ascribes her death to poison administered by one Riali in revenge for a caricature which she had drawn of him.

The book is illustrated with some very good reproductions of the works of these four artists (we wish the names of the authors had been added below the title of the subject), it is well got up, and serves to give a remarkably clear and able picture of the age and country of which it treats.

## THE LIBRARY TABLE

*Braintree and Bocking. A Pictorial Account of two Essex Townships.* By MAY CUNNINGHAM and S. A. WARNER. (Fairbairns, 3s. 6d. net.)

ESSEX, for three or four centuries one of our wealthiest and most populous counties, has ever been a favourite hunting-ground for the antiquarian, the topographer and the draughtsman, and this very dainty, if slight booklet of fifty pages, will find itself in large and good company. "To preserve on paper some of the more picturesque parts of Braintree and Bocking which are rapidly disappearing," is the primary object of the authors, and they offer us very pleasant little coloured views of the streets and houses and a few detailed drawings of bits of both interior and exterior work. There is nothing in these townships either fine or arresting, but much in the way of scattered odds and ends which well illustrate the arts and crafts of a modest community at times when a right sense of form and ornament not merely existed as the acquired taste of the few, but prevailed as a natural quality of the many. The gabled houses of the sixteenth century often retain their carved beams and brackets, and

the severer fronts of the age of Anne are relieved by elaborate porch heads or wrought-iron gates. Within, we find that Jacobean panelling with perhaps a rail of low relief strap-work, or a pilastered mantel survives occasionally, but there is no example of a dwelling sufficiently important in its original design, or sufficiently perfect in its present survival, to give scope for anything like complete narrative or illustration. And so the book is scrappy—it produces no effect of realised acquaintance upon those who have not seen the places, or of revived intimacy upon those who have. A little more might have been made of Bocking Hall, originally, like the church it groups with, a fifteenth-century building, as some of its work still shows, and with much later work both good and picturesque. One or two photographic views of its exterior, or of its inside fittings, and a short account of its history, would have given some substance and reality to the book. But we have only six lines of letterpress, a confused sketch of a porch, and a bald architectural drawing of three pieces of woodwork. The printing, the paper, and the general get-up are charming, but the whole thing is just a pretty toy for an idle ten minutes; not a thoughtful attempt to give information and stamp its subject upon the reader's memory.

*The Higher Study of English.* By ALBERT J. COOK. (Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 4s. net.)

THE quarrel between the philologist, the mere philologist, and the lover of letters is as old as literature itself. Professor Cook defends the philologist with skill and point. "The ideal philologist," he says, "is at once antiquary, paleographer, grammarian, lexicologist, expounding critic, historian of literature, and above all lover of humanity. He should have the accuracy of the scientist, the thirst for discovery of the arctic explorer, the judgment of the man of affairs, the sensibility of the musician, the taste of the connoisseur, and the soul of the poet." But who ever heard of such a paragon? Milton perhaps goes nearer to the ideal than any one else that we can think of, for he possessed most, if not all, of these qualities which Professor Cook enumerates. What Professor Saintsbury calls the "loose aesthetic rhetoricians . . . who consider themselves entitled to neglect scholarship in any proper sense with scornful indifference," would retort that the philology that might be expected from Milton, and endured from him, would be unendurable from a mere philologist, in other words that Milton had the right to be a philologist because he was a great poet. Professor Cook will not heal the quarrel and in his "Relation of Words to Literature," he supplies a fine example of exactly that sort of philological claim that exasperates and always has exasperated and always will exasperate the aesthetic lover of literature whether he be a scholar or not. The moral of it all is that philologists must not be *mere* philologists, and aesthetic lovers of literature must not be "loose aesthetic rhetoricians." Professor Cook's little book does not solve any problems or reveal any startlingly new point of view, but it is thoughtful and readable and therefore to be commended.

*Women Types of To-day.* By DA LIBRA. (Elliot Stock.)

IN this lengthy volume "Da Libra" has made a very unconvincing attempt to classify women as the Venus, the Juno, and the Minerva types. In pursuit of this aim she (we should be inclined to bet with considerable confidence "Da Libra" is a lady) has poured forth about three hundred and sixty pages of the most bewildering babble on every conceivable subject under the sun. We have not counted the number of quotations the book contains, but we should say at a guess that they must number at least two or three thousand. They are dragged in from every side in the most brain-turning manner, and the author moves from one subject to the other with a rapidity and irrelevancy that make one's mind reel as one vainly endeavours to

keep pace with her extraordinary garrulity. The effect produced is that of attempting to keep pace with an unbroken spaniel in a country that abounds with hares. They pop up all over the place, and she rushes yapping after them, never following one more than a few yards, before another springs up and leads her off in the opposite direction. She describes, *apropos de bottes*, the Iliad, the Aeneid, and the Odyssey in this sort of style : " This beautiful poem (the Odyssey) differs greatly in style from the Iliad. Fire, vigour, grandeur in depicting heroic passion, give place to tenderness of feeling, expressions of refined sentiment. The domestic hearth, in short, takes the place of the bloodthirsty camp." On another page she inquires : " Who does not feel refreshed after gliding over a few pages of Aesop, ' Gulliver's Travels,' ' Ingoldsby Legends,' La Fontaine, Andersen, or ' Alice in Wonderland ? ' " To which we can only reply : Who indeed ? But what has all this to do with types of women ? Here is a passage from a chapter entitled "The Sea Voyage 'abandon' caged," whatever that may mean :

The *crispations nerveuses* of her whole figure indicate pleasurable intercourse. The eye, languid, full, sweet, can be quick and sparkle with wanton mischief or be petulant. The Lowther Arcade doll was fashioned after her type ; her companion can now make the eyes veil or unveil, as the plaything acts automatically by compression. The motion of the eye contributes to its beauty by continually shifting its direction ; but a slow and languid motion is more beautiful than a brisk one ; the latter is enlivening, the former lovely, etc. (Burke.) The self of the animal might thus speak to his brain : " Oh ! who, great Queen of Love, could describe the sweet beauty of thy smile or the voluptuous fire of thy glance, that is at once so softly languishing and so sparkling with life ? " ("Origin of the Graces," Mlle. Duséjour.)

This is the Venus type of woman on board a steamer. "Da Libra" finishes this extraordinary farrago of bewildering gibberish by quoting on the last page of her book twelve lines from her own introduction.

*Sketches in Mafeking and East Africa.* By Major-General BADEN-POWELL, C.B. (Smith, Elder, 22s. net.)

"If these sketches and fragmentary notes should be the means of stimulating the curiosity of any British boy to a further study of our African colonies, I shall be better rewarded than I deserve for my presumption in having published them." These are the all too modest words with which Major-General Baden-Powell, C.B., concludes his book. Unless we are much mistaken, this brilliantly written and splendidly illustrated collection of personal reminiscences of deeds done in the defence and spreading of the Empire will be read with eager interest by grown-up British boys and girls as well as by the younger generation to whom the author makes appeal. To quote from the tersely written pages of the book would be but to spoil the treat in store for its reader, but in the legion of recent political developments in South Africa we may perhaps be permitted to draw attention to General Baden-Powell's estimate of General Snyman. He was, says the author, "a cowardly creature who shelled the hospital, convent and women's laager, but had not the pluck to lead an attack. His own men had no opinion of him, and he was reduced to 'private' after his failure." We can hardly conclude this brief notice without a word of congratulation to the publishers. The style in which the book has been offered to the public is very attractive, and the reproduction of the illustrations exceptionally good.

#### SHIRTS AND SHEKELS

A MORNING contemporary takes exception to some remarks contained in Mr. Keir Hardie's Socialistic pamphlet "From Serfdom to Socialism," in which he says : "no really great genius was a business man, or ever could be. Most of the world's most priceless treasures in literature and art have been the work of men who, like the perfectly happy men of the Eastern fable, were shirtless."

The writer in our contemporary recommends Mr. Hardie to consult a biographical dictionary with a view to correcting his hasty judgment. "The general rule," he says, "has always been for 'real genius' to secure recognition. Where genius has been left 'shirtless' the cause is usually found to be decadence or dissipation, and there never was a time when the world was more appreciative of genius—and never a time when genius was better able to see that its laurel-leaf was plated with gold, at least that is said to be the experience of those who publish the works of genius, and those who buy its pictures or organise its concerts." This is surely a rather curious view to take. I have no sympathy with Mr. Keir Hardie's socialistic doctrines and I have not read his pamphlet, but I am grateful to him for having, even unwittingly, called forth so perfect an expression of the typical Philistine's attitude towards genius. "Real" genius according to the writer of the article in question nearly always secures recognition ; in other words the test of genius is success ! One cannot help thinking that he might with advantage apply to himself the advice he offers to Mr. Keir Hardie and turn up a biographical dictionary. Let him look under the letter M and he will read of one Mozart who made divine music that the world can never forget, and who died, practically shirtless, of starvation and neglect. He will also under the same letter find Marlowe, and he will learn that he was killed in a brawl by "a bawdy serving-man" only just in time to escape being tried as a "damnable atheist and heretic," in which case he would almost certainly have been burnt alive. But then of course he was "dissipated," and so no doubt the writer in our contemporary would consider that he deserved what he got, and altogether he was a shocking, immoral sort of man and I feel I ought to apologise to the that gentleman for mentioning his name. He was just the sort of man who, if he had lived in our day, would have made a rude reply if he had been asked by the editor of a "Great Daily" to write a bright article of not more than two thousand words on say Hero and Leander, bringing in a few allusions to the recent attempts to swim the English Channel, and comparing the swimming capacities of Leander to those of Miss Kellerman. But leaving Marlowe out of consideration, what about Shelley ? He was not dissipated and he was not decadent. "I never knew a man who was not a beast compared to him," says Byron in a letter to Murray just after Shelley's death (one of the finest and most moving things ever said by one man of genius of another) and yet he was despised and scorned and vituperated and calumniated in his life-time. True he was never shirtless, the accident of birth had placed him in a position in which, even when he was repudiated and cast off by his father, he was able to command a sufficient supply of money to buy shirts for himself and a number of his needy friends, but can any one doubt what would have been his fate if he had had to rely on his genius for a means of living ?

Can we doubt that he would have died of starvation or despair, as Otway did, as Collins did, as Chatterton did ? The possession of genius, so far from being a passport to fame and recognition, has nearly always been a bar to worldly success, in England at any rate. Byron had comparative wealth, he had position in an age when position counted for a deal more than it does now, and yet he died in exile. If he had not had genius he might have committed every crime in the calendar with almost certain immunity, nobody would have said a word against him. The late Lord Lovelace has gone out of his way to demonstrate beyond the shadow of a doubt the nature of the relations that Byron had with his half-sister, Mrs. Leigh; but these facts were unknown to the public in Byron's life-time, and his one and only offence in their eyes was that he possessed genius. Everything else would have been forgiven him. That, in England, is and always has been the unpardonable offence. Only when a man has ceased to have genius or at any rate to make any demonstration

of it, as in the case of Mr. Swinburne, or when he is dead, as in the case of Shakespeare, is he forgiven for having possessed it. All our praise is reserved for "honoured bones," as opposed to live flesh and blood. It is unnecessary to multiply instances, any one who knows anything at all about the question, or any one who possesses a biographical dictionary will recognise that the right of the matter lies in this case with Mr. Keir Hardie. What he says about the absence of the business faculty in men of genius is a commonplace of knowledge. It is so obvious that even a leader-writer in a "great daily" might be expected to see it. Mr. Keir Hardie's pamphlet being a socialistic tract must certainly contain many fallacious arguments, or at least many conclusions that are capable of being attacked and perhaps logically demolished. It is typical of the sort of intelligence that informs the average leading article of a modern daily paper, that Mr. Keir Hardie's critic should have carefully singled out for the purpose of holding it up to contempt as a foolish fallacy, the incontrovertible and universally acknowledged truth that "no really great man of genius was a business man."

A. D.

### SHADOW-NETS

WHEN I was wandering on the Downs to-day  
I saw the pine-woods sleeping in the sun . . .  
For they were tired of weaving shadow-nets—  
Weaving all day in vain . . . in vain . . . in vain . . .  
Pale phantom nets to snare the golden sun !  
And then I thought of how the poets weave  
With shadowy words their cunning nets of song,  
Hoping to catch, at last, a shining dream !

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

### A LITERARY CAUSERIE

#### THE GAME OF WRITING

THE time has come, or nearly so, when works of fiction should be relegated to a special page, like bridge, chess and acrostics, as a game. So thoroughly have the probable and comprehensible courses of human action been exhausted in the modern novel, that the author who feels he must write or expire is driven to rearranging human nature in the form of a puzzle. Here, for example, is a book "The Letters of One," which resembles nothing so much as one of those ingenious compositions of which the "pillars" and "lights" when properly guessed yield some absurd result in words of no consequence to anybody. The fun, if it be fun, is in the finding out. The assumption that there is any fun may be rash; but if there is none of that kind of entertainment in "The Letters of One," there is nothing else the present reviewer can discover that comes under the head of literature.

Who is "One," and what is he "One" of? The Marchioness it will be remembered, declared to Dick Swiveller that Miss Sally Brass was a "one-er." In this sense "One" is a "one-er." Not that he is like Sally Brass; far from it. Miss Brass was a person of perfectly definite ideas and purposes who "went where glory waited her" and left the Marchioness alone in the kitchen. "One" of the book we are speaking about is not a person at all; he is a charade or an acrostic, but what the deuce his "pillars" and "lights" signify, we, being but poor hands at puzzles, have not the shadow of an idea.

The author, trying to get us to believe he is a real person, makes him date his letters from 4 Russell Road,

Leeds, which "One" describes as a depressing suburban thoroughfare. Here he works apparently as a journalist for a livelihood, and hence in the month of April in the year 1905 he began to address to a lady whom he "loves"—so the author calls his sentiment, but you will be able to judge of that presently—the series of letters that make up the book. The lady of his affections is described in an introductory chapter by another lady who has nothing to do with the matter. She is like this: "tall, stately, not exactly beautiful, but very fresh-looking, with a lovely complexion and fine brown hair—rather richly coloured altogether [italics the author's]; she has got large, kind, wide-open eyes] where she got them is not stated, but it is clear she has them, which is the main thing]; she is extremely self-possessed and serene; not exactly clever," and so on. Moreover, "she has a delightful house in the country, with no land to speak of, but with large gardens, and a few fields and woods round it; and she has quite a large income." There is an old aunt who lives with her, but she is nothing to the purpose that we can discover.

This then is the lady that "One" is said to love, and when it is added that his love is returned, you will wonder why "One" continues to live in Russell Road, Leeds, on the precarious earnings of a journalist, instead of marrying out of hand the willing lady with the foregoing attractions and possessions. Well, the reason is that he is writing a book, and when that is done must write another and another, and keep on writing because his artistic soul calls for expression, and he fears that if he married the lady, his love of her would so absorb him that his artistic soul would perish, and his deeper self come to naught. Therefore he does not marry her, and in forty-four letters extending to the month of October of the selfsame year, explains to her all the ins and outs of his soul and self until the lady, as the letter of the other lady in the introduction tells us (it seems a topsy-turvy way, but it is true), goes and marries another man, something in the Army.

Now is this not a One-er? What is Sally Brass by comparison? Bevis Marks goes out of renown henceforth in favour of Russell Road, Leeds. Would to goodness that Richard Swiveller, who suffered severely from the caprices of Sophy Wuckles, could come back and tell us what to think of this "One." And the Marchioness too; her opinion might throw some light on the progress of literature.

In accordance with the custom governing such puzzles we are afforded some clues in the introductory description. "One" is represented as "of the usual public-school and university type." He has written some books. "He is not quite an ordinary man to look at; he is handsome, melancholy, languid. Sometimes he is quite amusing, sometimes unutterably bored." We suspect this last was altered in proof from "an unutterable bore." For example in letter nine, after posing the question as "either art or a wife; either would be enough—but not both," "One" lays his view of marriage before the lady thus:

Of course, if I could take a less exalted view of marriage it would be different; but the personal abandonment of love, the deep, inscrutable mysteries of it, the consent to what seems lowest in our nature—it is a terrible thing to seem to cloud the sense of the stainless purity of womanhood; to learn that that is not impure in the case of one whom one holds highest and best, when one's whole life has been spent in casting away from one's thought the least shadow of desirous impulse. Why, if I may say what I think, the teaching, the example of Christ Himself seems to me to be against marriage. Why, if He was perfect Man, did He not otherwise consecrate the marriage state by entering upon it? Yet the very thought is a profanation:

This is a nice sort of style in which to address a "rather richly coloured" lady who has "got large, kind, wide-open eyes," and who is willing to marry you. You must be a One-er to do that. Suddenly it strikes us, what never struck us before, that the author of "One" is a woman, and the "One" is a female man. On page 15 he says to his lady that the hope of writing a sincere book

is the fiercest, strongest, deepest impulse lie has; and on page 17—same letter—he declares that his love is the deepest thing he has, deeper even than that constraining impulse to create. So like a woman. Sally Brass after all was a woman, and it would appear that One-ers are feminine exclusively. And so perhaps we have guessed the acrostic and the institution of marriage is not likely to go down utterly before the desire to write a sincere book.

We hope so; but it is an undoubted fact that the birth-rate is decreasing in all civilised countries, and contemporaneously the output of novels is increasing. Can it be that the peoples of these countries are becoming "One-ers"? It seems scarcely credible: but how are we to explain statistics and books like this "Letters of One"?

O, Marchioness, O, Richard Swiveller, what a happy time you lived in. You married and begat a family, and did not begrudge Sophy Wuckles her offspring, and none of you wrote a book, or worried about his or her artistic self. Yet you little thought that Miss Sally Brass, the first of One-ers, was in her virginity to typify this later age. Now lasses and lads get leave o' their dads and away to the publisher hie with their soulful novels; and the birth-rate goes down, down; and a few persons who would fain love a woman because she is a woman, and cannot to save their lives write a novel, sit in drivelling idiocy muttering, "One-ery, two-ery, tickery, seven."

A. L.

## FICTION

*The Artistic Temperament.* By JANE WARDLE. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

THIS novel is quite as tiresome as its title would lead us to expect. To label a man as the possessor of "the artistic temperament" is a facile device for escaping any further responsibility for him. It is psychology made easy. There is no necessity for the writer to trouble further in the matter. Any attempt at character-analysis is superfluous. You may make your hero do the most unutterable things, you may place him without rhyme or reason in the most impossible situations and if the gentle reader meekly asks, "What in the world did he do that for?" or "Why in the name of goodness did he say, or think this?" you reply with a smile of infinite superiority, "You see, my dear sir, he possessed the artistic temperament." It is very convenient, very. Those who do not possess this particular form of temperament may be recommended to acquire it speedily or at least to assume its outward manifestations. Miss Jane Wardle's novel will be of considerable assistance to the reader in his quest for this valuable asset. Her hero has "the artistic temperament" very badly. We are assured of this fact not once nor twice but in almost every one of the twenty-seven chapters. The truth of it is immediately borne in upon us when we are introduced to him in his Chelsea studio. He is a devil of a fellow this Stephen Cartonel, whose career we are invited to follow from the days when he painted pot-boilers to the closing period of his career in the last chapter when as P.R.A. he utters pompous platitudes on "Art and Ideality." He is a thorough-going "Bohemian" of the most conventional type of unconventionality, careless in money matters, idolised by women. He falls violently in love with a beautiful woman whose portrait he is painting. She too possesses the wonder-working temperament. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately for the sake of the story, she is married to an eminently respectable hosier, who, of course, is not keen on art or he would not be selling socks. The two "artists" love and finally run away together only to be separated by the convenient arrival of a madman with a revolver—a device at which Miss Wardle must be amused in her more humorous moments. The madman

shoots—not the artist but the hosier, who, has followed the erring pair in a special train. He shoots—but not fatally. He has however achieved his purpose (or Miss Wardle's purpose) as the *déux ex machina*. Husband and wife are reunited and the reformed artist returns to the path of rectitude and marries a rich and charming girl to whom he has been engaged throughout the whole of the stormy period of his passion. It is only fair to Miss Wardle to add that Cartonel confesses his wickedness to his fiancée, who, however, forgives him his infidelities realising that it is not really his fault and that a man can love two women at the same time if he happens to possess "the artistic temperament."

*The Eight Secrets.* By ERNEST INGERSOLL. (Macmillan, 6s.)

THE effect of this American story on the mind of the English boy will be to make him think that life in the old country is a dull affair. To be sure if his parents are farming folk without servants, an American boy has to help with the "chores," saw wood and rock the baby when he would rather be out of doors, but if the boy has an ingenuous mind he will find in these unwelcome tasks so many opportunities, and when he has made a water wheel in order to flood a meadow for skating, he will never rest till that same wheel churns milk into butter and rocks a crying child to sleep. He will then be able to turn his attention to a machine for sawing wood, and after surmounting all difficulties as the youthful inventor should, he will invite his family to watch beech logs divide as if they were cheese. Every one will admit that after this he deserves a holiday, and will think it all of a piece with his glowing fortunes that he should be accused of passing false coin before he leaves the train, be helped out of his difficulties by a celebrated judge, and a week or so later rescue two children from a violent death while a whole crowd of grown-ups looks on and applauds his bravery. Thereafter, adventure follows adventure, and we are forced to agree with Mollie that Archie was bound to "climb right up and be at the very head of things in no time." Mollie was his great friend, but there are no sentimental passages between them in this volume. Whenever they two met their heads were full of interesting, sensible things.

*The Belted Seas.* By ARTHUR COLTON. (Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d.)

MR. COLTON might have made a success of his first book if he had managed to introduce a little humour into it. "The Belted Seas" is a string of narratives of seafaring life in the two American continents, the principal character being a certain "Captain Buckingham" whose complacency at his own acumen and superiority is scarcely confirmed by a perusal of his stories. In the chapter entitled "The Kiyi Proposition" the author, for the only time, rises above the commonplace, but throughout the book there is a fatal absence of humour. Mr. Colton's dialogue is stilted, and his descriptive passages are reminiscent of the police court reporter; here and there he attempts epigram with poor results, and on the whole we have little hesitation in expressing our disappointment after reading the book. First novels are generally worth attention nowadays, but "The Belted Seas" is an exception to this rule. It is evidently an American importation and as such will scarcely add to the laurels of the Transatlantic school of novelists.

*The Wheel.* By M. URQUHART. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

IT is sad how often the hero of a book is the least impressive character in it. In the present instance the author repeatedly assures us that Dominick Blake is an unusually brilliant and interesting person; and spares no pains in describing every stage in his mental development; but in spite of all this obvious and well-meant effort on the part of the writer, Dominick remains a shadowy and unconvincing character whose self-consciousness and conceit

completely alienate our sympathy. This is the more to be regretted as much of the character-study in the book is remarkably good. Honor, the clear-eyed boy-girl, the old Duke with his butterfly-net and astral sight, the mild-eyed vicar and his self-righteous and coarse-minded wife, all these show acute observation, and the descriptions of scenery, though somewhat full of "purple patches," are vivid enough. Unfortunately the plot is weak and obvious, and the unpleasant passages certainly cannot be excused even on the ground that they "purify the emotions"!

*Doctor Gordon.* By MARY E. WILKINS. (Unwin, 6s.)

HITHERTO we have not expected from Miss Wilkins stories of mystery, sensational incident, and sinister characters such as are to be found in "Doctor Gordon." Although she has the magic touch that adorns every subject she writes about, it must be admitted she has no peculiar gift for melodramatic fiction. The interest of this new departure lies in the fresh illustration of the old question, should a moral and spiritual monster, abnormal in subtlety and wickedness be allowed to exist to the menace of the common good? Again, is it a crime, or at least justifiable to cut short the intolerable agony of a dying human creature, if the conscience upholds the deed? These problems play an important part in the story of Dr. Gordon, a man naturally charitable and broad-minded, but warped by an evil influence out of his original happy attitude towards life. At a critical moment in the doctor's history, James Elliott becomes his assistant, and partner in certain tragic happenings: he also falls in love with Clemency, the doctor's niece, a charmingly quaint little person. Miss Wilkins's style is essentially that of the miniature artist. In her own line and delicate workmanship she has few successful rivals. In dealing with a large canvas she shows neither breadth of treatment nor sufficient courage; she is disappointingly apt to weaken, if not to destroy the effect of her strongest situation. The story is also overdone with physical details. Indeed, details of a humdrum sort about health, meals, and the weather are given undue importance throughout. Still, setting aside memories of other tales from the same pen, and viewed from the ordinary standpoint of this kind of fiction, "Doctor Gordon" is a capital story, with scenes and characters out of the common run.

*Towing-Path Bess.* By RICHARD PRYCE. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.)

THERE are fifteen sketches in this book of short stories and, though they vary in quality, there is not a dull page among them. Whether he writes of Towing-Path Bess, Mrs. Willesdon of Clarenceville or the country rector, Mr. Richard Pryce has the rare power of rousing the interest of his reader and keeping it to the very end. The sketches are short and he gives but a momentary glimpse of some episode in the life of each of his characters, but in these flashes we see the souls of living men and women. We close the book with the feeling that we have actually been in touch with the canal girls, that we should know the very voices of Mr. Keffick and the grimy Hilda, and that we could pick Mrs. During's photograph out of the heterogeneous pile on the photographer's table. After the drawn-out anecdotes which so often masquerade as short stories it is a pleasure to meet with character-studies such as these.

*A Butterfly.* By the BARONESS D. von GOLDÄCKER. (Long, 6s.)

AFTER following the Butterfly for more than three hundred pages through the most amazing gyrations, it was with real relief that we saw the poor, distraught thing flutter into the candle at the end. It seemed the best place for her and it saved her long-suffering husband from the crime of murder or, at best, justifiable homicide. Never did a butterfly flutter more foolishly, or, at times, more clumsily. Added to this unpleasing habit of darting aimlessly in all directions, which she shared with most of her kind, this

one would spend long hours soliloquising on the *raison d'être* of butterflies in general. A prosy butterfly is an unheard-of thing and we felt that the sooner it was put out of its misery the better. Even the stolid husband's patience was at an end, when, after the manner of moths, she flew into the candle and peace reigned once more in the land.

*Old Hampshire Vignettes.* By the Author of "Mademoiselle Ixe." (Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.)

THE author of "Mademoiselle Ixe" is a writer of whose work we see far too little. It is, if we mistake not, nearly ten years since she last broke silence. She has wit and insight and that quality gratefully and instantly recognised, yet difficult to label, the quality of saying just the thing that should be said in just the words that should express it. The power of doing this is rare and it has been called forth in these finished and entertaining portraits of Hampshire peasant folk. One of the best is the picture of Harkaway the groom. "Dismounted, he appeared an insignificant little mortal enough, but he was one of those vigorous personalities who refuse to be represented by their appearance." His looks, his ways, his delightful nature and the tragic blemish in it that brought about his ruin are all set down here without malice and without any of the false idealism that makes the majority of portraits of poor folk as unlike life as the figures in a hairdresser's window. The groom's story is told at greater length than the others, and partly for that reason stands out for notice and commendation. All the sketches are good, but we should have liked to hear a little more about some of the people in this amusing gallery.

*The Return of Joe.* By W. H. KOEBEL. (Griffiths, 6s.)

THIS is a volume of New Zealand stories, evidently the work of an Englishman who has been out on a sheep station there, and has acquired all he knows of the colony from that coign of vantage. Naturally his outlook is somewhat limited; he gives us "swaggers" and "sun-downers" in plenty, but seldom a glimpse of the thriving towns or of those wonderful New Zealand women who have long since left the "suffragist" stage behind and become fully-developed electors. But within his limitations Mr. Koebel may be held to have achieved a measure of success; some of the tales are dramatic, others are to be valued for their local colouring. Above all else, he has a keen sense of the comradeship that subsists amongst men whose lot is set in lonely places.

*Painted Rock.* By MORLEY ROBERTS. (Nash, 6s.)

THIS is a book that for due appreciation must not be read at a single sitting. For in spite of being divided into chapters, it is really a collection of ten short stories dealing with life at "Painted Rock, South Panhandle, Texas," and of these ten stories the first six are concerned with the lawless shooting of men for revenge. This monotony tends to become irksome, and even Mr. Roberts's wonderful vocabulary of synonyms for drink cannot relieve it. The other stories are more human in spirit, and certainly more pleasing in subject. Mr. Roberts's intimate knowledge of Texas and its people enables him to reproduce both the atmosphere and the personalities of that strange country. The ordinary Englishman will probably not be prepared to admit that it is "God's Country," and will sigh with relief at the thought of the ubiquitous policeman who, in spite of all his faults, does, by his presence, enable the peaceable citizen to dispense with the society of a "gun." On the other hand, if he has ever had but the slightest experience of the prairies, he will see the strange beauty of Mr. Roberts's scene, and will readily admit its fascination in spite of all its drawbacks. He should also recognise in Mr. Roberts's characters real men, whose humanity is true though primitive, and whose faults are as simple as their virtues.

Pillsbury and Gedge, the professional gamblers, Ginger Gillett, the guardian of law and order, even Ben Williams the bully, are all real flesh and blood. They may be somewhat savage, but they are at least not anaemic.

*A Free Solitude.* By ALICE PERRIN. (Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d.)

MRS. PERRIN's books are always good reading, and are rendered unusual by the sincerity with which she follows a distinct purpose, refusing to be swayed by hysterical conventions that demand a surfeit of sentimentality. "A Free Solitude" is the second of the half-crown novels to be published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus; and while it fully justifies their undertaking that these books shall be in all respects of the same standard as the six-shilling novels it outstrips this promise by its solid worth. The action takes place at the foot of the Himalayas, and the main issue of the story is the struggle between the love of a woman and the love of the country that sometimes casts such a spell over the Englishman. A great portion of the story deals with a Eurasian family as seen through the eyes of an English girl; and the picture is of peculiar interest, as it throws light on a class very little known to the average Anglo-Indian. Mrs. Perrin touches on a point which is apt to be overlooked by critics of the racial prejudices that complicate life in India. Eurasians are not "tabu" on account of their blood so much as on account of their class; and when they are of a type which would not be welcome at a dinner-table in England, it is unfair to expect the English to recognise them in India.

*Conflict.* By CONSTANCE SMEDLEY. (Constable, 6s.)

MISS SMEDLEY has named her book well. The key-note of the story is conflict and, if there is peace at the end, it is but the stillness of exhaustion after the fury of the storm has abated. Mary van Heyten is a born fighter, from the moment when, alone and friendless, she wrests her daily-bread from a cruel world, to the day on which, still struggling, she is appropriated by a stronger nature than her own. A conscience, much common sense, a craving for work and not even a pinch of the saving sense of humour form her chief characteristics; she is of those who walk through an obstacle rather than round it and who, consequently, come off with more than their share of the world's bruises. Miss Smedley has a fine knowledge of human nature and draws the various and diverse personalities of her large caste with a skilful hand. Mary van Heyten's first experience of the artistic temperament, her absolute inability to comprehend it and her pathetic determination to take it seriously are admirably portrayed and the book, apart from the fact that it deals with an important problem of the day, is an interesting character-study.

*The Younger Woman.* By GEORGE WEMYSS. (Long, 6s.)

THE plot of "The Younger Woman" points an excellent moral, namely, that the sinner cannot pursue his wicked way without ultimately being found out. Indeed, very few novels would ever have been written were it not for this disconcerting fact. The story hinges, after the fashion of novels, on the relations of two women and one man, the one man being a middle-aged and portly Lothario, an architect by profession and addicted to the wearing of much jewellery and red satin ties. That we are intended to regard the red tie in the light of a danger-signal, is evident from the stress that is laid upon it in the first chapter; indeed we could believe anything of one so lost to all sense of the becoming. When we hear that he is also President of the Society of the Bible versus Paganism our worst suspicions are verified. Any connection with a Bible society is fatal—in fiction. Of course his iniquities come to light in the end and, as usual, a considerate Providence interposes at the eleventh hour with a fatal accident and so avoids embarrassing complications. The plot is not original and there is nothing in

its treatment to make it so; at best it is a painstaking book.

*The Obliging Husband.* By FRANK BARRETT. (Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.)

A LIVELY romance of the time of Charles II. with a strong Pepysian flavour about the style of it. Like the famous diarist, Robin Fairfellow—a Fleet Street haberdasher—marries a handsome girl educated in France, has a passion for music, and gets into difficulties through his wife's maid. The fascinating Peggy makes havoc of the haberdashery business by her extravagance and her reckless habit of gadding about with certain fine gentlemen. But Peggy has a reason, and a secret, and with all her flightiness possesses an ingrained beauty of character. All the usual elements of a tale of the time are here; the machinations of the wicked peer, the snares laid for the lovely heroine, the foolish misunderstandings, and a joyous ending. For Robin and Peggy we entertain a right good will, and read their chequered story with interest and pleasure.

## DRAMA

### "THE VAN DYCK" AT HIS MAJESTY'S

IT is always a pleasure to see Mr. Tree in what is known as a character-part. Especially does he excel in portraying the bizarre and the sinister. There is no one like him for imparting an air of mystery and creepiness to a character. Think of Svengali and you realise his greatness. Paul Demetrius too of the Secret Service offers him a capital opportunity. *The Red Lamp* is of course an old play, and, as a picture of a Nihilist plot, a ridiculous play: but for all that it has exciting moments, and played with the swing with which it went on Saturday is well worth seeing. Its popularity is not at all on the wane: the applause was enthusiastic.

It was followed by a dramatic episode in one act by Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox, *The Van Dyck*, a very simple and effective little piece. Here again Mr. Tree had a part in Arthur Blair-Woldingham, which was exactly suitable to him. The play opens with his mysterious entrance to the flat of his neighbour, John Peters, a little musician, who has a valuable collection of pictures and furniture. Mr. Weedon Grossmith plays John Peters: and very funny he is, as he shows the little man's first surprise at his strange visitor changing into fear and at last into actual terror, when he becomes convinced the fellow is a dangerous maniac. Mr. Tree's performance was admirable. He kept the audience in doubt to the very end as to whether he was actually mad or not: so much so, that loud hushes of disapproval greeted the laughter which many of his remarks aroused: it was clear that a large part of the audience felt the gruesomeness of the situation more acutely than its humour. And when after the entry of his keepers and his final frenzy, which drives little John Peters into his bedroom for safety, his "Put on your gloves, boys" caused a perceptible sigh of relief to come from the house, which was strung up to a finale of slow murder at the least: and perhaps was a little disappointed that burglary alone was to be the end of it all. The rather cold reception which the episode received, showed that the audience had been taken in more completely than they could appreciate. The Van Dyck picture was the only thing which little John Peters finds left in his room, after its deft dismantling; it was not the genuine work of the master.

It is a clever *macabre* little play which gives Mr. Tree a fine opportunity.

H. DE S.

## CORRESPONDENCE

## "BRAKES OF ICE"

(Measure for Measure, Act ii. sc. i. 39.)

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—I cannot accept either Mr. Cunningham's emendation, or Mr. Payne's explanation, of the above passage, though I quite agree with the latter when he says that "in many cases passages have been put down as cruces owing to the inability of critics to see what was plainly staring them in the face." Now I venture to say that this passage is one of them. In *Troilus and Cressida*, Act iii. sc. iii. 215 Ulysses tells Achilles that

"The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break."

where "breaking the ice" is evidently put for a daring, dashing, dangerous feat, which others were either too timid to attempt, or too weak to accomplish. Taking this passage for my lantern, I will not be led astray by Rowe's conjecture, pretty and plausible as it is, "brakes of vice"—thickets where vice reigns supreme—but, keeping close in *Measure for Measure* to the path marked out for me in the Folios, I will read,

"Some run from brakes [breaks] of ice, and answer none," and understand the words to mean that some do not hesitate to tread in slippery and dangerous places and commit the most glaring and flagrant breaches of divine and human law, and yet withal get off scot-free, frequently, easily, quickly; whereas others, if they are only once caught slipping, are condemned without mercy.

PHILIP PERRING.

March 17.

## KIPLING'S NORNS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—When Kipling's "Five Nations" was published you printed a note of mine on the following passage from "Files"—a poem in that volume:

When the Conchimarian horns  
Of the reboantic Norns  
Usher gentlemen and ladies  
With new lights on Heaven and Hades,  
Guaranteeing to Eternity  
All yesterday's modernity—"

I objected, despairingly, that the Norns' office was to spin, not usher; that they were armed with no musical instrument whatever; that if they were, a conch is not a horn any more than a sardine is a buffalo; that supposing a conch could be metamorphosed into a horn by adding such a termination as "marian" (whatever that means), even then the Norns couldn't be reboantic, supposing that word to be correctly derived from *reboo*=to bellow back. Because, you see, of the Norns (respectively The Past, The Present and The Future) only The Past could bellow back, The Future being not yet born, and The Present being incapacitated by the fact that she could not bellow back from where she wasn't to where she was, because truly, O Best Beloved, she was there all the time. O! we grew learned, metaphysical, but no light came. The author was stonily silent. Yesterday, reading Bayard Taylor's mixture of criticism, dialogue, and parody, called "Diversions of the Echo Club," I found the source of these "knotted horrors." Here is the passage which inspired Mr. Kipling:

"Have you never heard of Chivers? He is a phenomenon. Dr. Thomas Holley Chivers, of Georgia, author of 'Virginalia,' 'The Lost Pleiad,' 'Facets of Diamond,' etc. The refrain to a poem in 'The Eonchs of Ruby' is:

In the music of the morns,  
Blown through the Conchimarian horns,  
Down the dark vistas of the reboantic Norns,  
To the Genius of Eternity,  
Crying, "Come to me! Come to me!"

Now I would that Messrs. Dent would reprint Chivers at the universal bob. Mr. Kipling would surely buy a copy.

JOHN BLAND.

## THE LIFE OF WALTER PATER

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—Although you are opposed to my work, I think your sense of justice will lead you to insert the following remarks. Let me first say that Mr. Watts-Dunton, who is considered by

many persons to be the greatest of living critics, has declared that my two volumes "are packed with matter of the most valuable kind." I have also received congratulatory letters from Mr. A. C. Swinburne and Mr. John Payne. The fact that the first edition of the book was exhausted on the day of publication may be regarded as a tribute to the value of my previous biographies—those of Sir Richard Burton and Edward FitzGerald. The errors which you have pointed out will be corrected in the third edition, which is now sure to be called for. I am sorry you refer to my work as being "vulgar." There is certainly no vulgarity in it, and every one who knows my character (and I have been before the public as a biographer many years) knows that I abhor vulgarity above all things. You should have quoted the sentence about the Virgin Mary in full—then it would have borne a very different colour. A few of the remarks in the book which you take exception to were absolutely necessary to the understanding of various passages in Pater's work.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

[Our reviewer writes: Commendation from Mr. Watts-Dunton is praise indeed; but I regret that I cannot, in this instance, agree with that eminent critic. Fully appreciating the valuable work which Mr. Wright has done in biography, I was all the more surprised and pained to find him so far below his own level in the volumes on Walter Pater. "Vulgar" is a hard word, and not one that could be used by a responsible critic lightly, nor one that, once used, can be withdrawn. Since Mr. Wright wishes his sentence quoted in full, I will give it here: "Faun, Christian knight, satyr, martyr, Mary the Virgin, and Venus, who, apparently, was not a virgin, Aegipan and Pantheist, all hob-nobbed together amicably in his [Pater's] tolerant brain; and his conversation comported with his writings." I know Mr. Wright's other work so very well that I should be glad, if I could, to find that sentence anything but what I have called it.]

## ST. CATHERINE OF SIENA

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR.—My attention has been called to a review of my "Life of St. Catherine of Siena" in the ACADEMY, making a charge of careless errors in names, and plagiarism, especially with regard to Mr. Heywood.

To having overlooked printer's errors I plead guilty; the proofs came at a time when I was in the hands of an oculist, and want of eyesight must be my excuse.

As to the far more serious charge of plagiarism, I beg to deny it altogether. Of course, I have read Mr. Heywood's valuable translation of Fra Filippo's "Assemprī," and it may well be that sentences here and there lingered unawares in my memory, but Italian is as familiar to me as English, and every passage from the "Assemprī" and other Italian works was translated by me from the original.

The short prefaces intended to be printed in the book, and which will appear in the next edition, contained these words: "No one can write of the Siena of St. Catherine without being deeply indebted to the works of Mr. Heywood." Owing to the irregularities of the Italian post, familiar to all who live in Italy, this preface did not reach England in time for publication.

MARGARET ROBERTS.

March 7.

[We note that the author says nothing about the many errors of fact in her book, some of which we pointed out in our review. These were far more serious than the printer's errors and not less numerous perhaps. Plagiarism is a very difficult thing to define. What we said was that the author of "St. Catherine" had used Mr. Heywood's work mercilessly, and had not even mentioned his name. The examples we gave were but two of the very numerous instances in which we are sure any unbiased reader would have found a strange and disconcerting likeness, not only to passages in Mr. Heywood's little-known "Ensampli of Fra Filippo," but to his "Guide to Siena" (e.g., a passage quoted on page 106 of "St. Catherine," almost verbatim from "The Guide," p. 91) and his "Palio and Ponte." That any English writer can claim that Italian is "as familiar to me as English," seems to us scarcely worth discussing when she translates "che più si deletteva di uccidere gli uomini che molti le fieri salvatiche"—"who took more delight in slaying than did many wild beasts," p. 25. We are glad to see that our review has insured justice being done to Mr. Heywood in the "next edition," and we hope that any new edition will be practically a new book.—ED.]

## A SUBSTITUTE FOR THE BRITISH MUSEUM

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY*

SIR.—Referring to the announcement that the Reading Room of the British Museum is to be closed for some months, I venture to draw attention to the fact that the Guildhall Library is open to the public daily between the hours of 10 A.M. and 8 P.M. (Saturdays, 6 P.M.), and that it always affords the Library Committee the greatest pleasure to welcome readers here. Although it is obvious that no Library can hope in any degree to fill the void created by the closing of the national collection, it may still be useful to know that there are over one hundred and thirty thousand volumes and pamphlets and the advantages of quick service at the disposal of any dispossessed students who care to avail themselves of the Corporation Library and the services of its staff.

EDWARD M. BORRAJO,  
City Librarian.

## "ODE TO A SUNDIAL"

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY*

SIR.—Can your readers supply any information as to the writer of "Ode to a Sundial" beginning :

My ear is pained, my heart is sick  
When all things else are silent round  
To hear the clock's unvaried tick  
Repeat its melancholy sound.

Another verse is:

With joy unfeigned to thee I turn  
Meet horologe for hard to love,  
A lesson from thy page to learn  
Whose lore is borrowed from above.

T. M. L.

## "THE MYSTERY OF THE CHEAP CLASSICS"

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY*

SIR.—It is strange that the writer of the interesting article on "Cheap Classics," in your issue of March 16, should have overlooked the class of people who, in my opinion, buy—and read—"Everyman in the World's Universal Classics." I referred to the skilled mechanic in the large industrial centres, and the collier of the Welsh Hills.

A literary man can hardly be expected to know this, but I can assure the genial gossipier of "The Literary Causerie," that if he entered any one of those low, mean houses, which form the streets of the working-class quarters in our large towns, he would be pleasantly surprised. He would see rows of well-worn cheap reprints, and make the acquaintance of men keenly alive to the beauties of English literature, and the problems of existence.

I have known colliers whose knowledge of the works of Ruskin, Carlyle, Arnold, and Mill, would put a so-called well educated man to shame. Believe me, it is not among the middle-classes that the search for genuine readers must be made; but among the toilers—the men and women who are daily brought face to face with the grim realities of life, and who snatch a living from the jaws of death.

One man, at least, who gave five shillings for the "Author's Progress," purchased his Gibbon and his Grote in shilling volumes.

JOHN CAWKER.

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY*

SIR.—May I suggest three reasons why the mystery of cheap reprints is not, after all, such a great mystery?

(1) Many of us live in houses where space is a serious consideration. When we have bought our books, where are we to put them? Obviously an edition of Grote which takes up one-fourth of the cubic space of the original octavo edition is a valuable possession in such houses.

(2) Many people fail to realise how serious a matter the price of books is, even to students like myself. Ever since I was an undergraduate, I have yearned to possess a copy of "Modern Painters," but the price (more than three guineas) was absolutely prohibitive. Now to my great delight I can buy the whole work for five shillings. Think of all Tennyson's best poems, excellently printed, for one shilling! Why, in my young days I had to pay six shillings for "In Memoriam" alone.

(3) The number of those who can enjoy good books has enormously increased during the last twenty-five years. I have a cousin who has been Professor of Literature in three provincial towns in succession, and he tells me that his pupils have numbered from ninety to one hundred and twenty, all taken from the lower or lower middle class, to whom cheap reprints are a priceless boon. I know well a village of eleven hundred inhabitants: you would be surprised to learn how many of the young fellows in it are able to appreciate such books as "Old Mortality," "The Cloister and the Hearth," and "Vanity Fair."

A STUDENT OF LITERATURE.

## FIELDING BI-CENTENARY

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY*

SIR.—Two hundred years ago, on April 22 next, was born Henry Fielding, the great Somerset novelist, and on that day the Society of "Somerset Men in London" will celebrate the event by a dinner to be held at the Café Monico, under the chairmanship of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It is hoped that, in addition to members of the Society, many novelists and literary people will be present to do honour to the father of the English novel, the immortal author of "Tom Jones," who also as a London magistrate freed London streets from foot-pads and rendered the thoroughfares safe for the public.

As there may be many persons (ladies as well as gentlemen) who may like to know of this function, and whom we cannot reach by the ordinary methods, may we ask you kindly to afford this the hospitality of your columns. Further particulars of the dinner can be obtained from either of the following: J. HARRIS STONE, 4 Temple, E.C., or A. W. OSMOND, 6 South Square, Gray's Inn, W.C.

## THE POSITION OF LANDSCAPE IN PAINTING, AND MODERN ART CRITICISM

*To the Editor of THE ACADEMY*

SIR.—The recent protest of Professor Herkomer against modern French "Impressionist Art" was much needed, but it is to be regretted that he did not go further, and call down the pity of Heaven upon the present chaotic and degenerate condition of British art, arising partly from the influence of Impressionism, and partly from a sickly sentimentalism, which is the direct result of the teaching of Ruskin and kindred critics.

I should say here that when I refer to "impressionist," I do not allude to every variety of picture which has been called "impressionist." Artists so widely apart as Turner and Monet, or as Corot and Harpignies, have been called "impressionists," there having apparently been much confusion as to the meaning of the word. Whatever is the authorised signification of the word, if there be one, I refer here only to those so-called "works of art" as to which the observer is supposed or compelled to bring his imagination to bear in order to find reason in the manner of delineation, or in the scheme of colour, or in both.

Now it is not difficult to reach the primary cause of this degeneration. Wild impressionism arose, and is practically maintained in landscape. True, the cult deals also with the human figure sometimes, but the pictures resulting are so (atrociously) eccentric, not to say bad, that they are quickly laughed to scorn, and the artist has to develop into realism or revert to landscape. Of course in landscape the effect is just as extravagant, but it does not appear to be so, for the simple reason that a blue oak does not look so out of place as a green man; and great blotches of paint intended to represent trees, are not so repellent as a hideous nude woman with a skin variegated with green, blue and yellow (colours). It is landscape then with which we have chiefly to deal. Now it is in the work of landscape that artists have so multiplied in late years. Compared with figure-painting, landscape is easy. Little hard invention is required, and errors in drawing or colour are not so readily noticed by the public. Hence landscape is attractive to second-rate artists and to many who should not be artists at all, while some first-rate men who should leave it severely alone cannot keep their hands from it. What is the reason that landscape has taken such a hold upon artists of late years? How is it that this inferior department of art should have practically usurped the leading place in study? There is but one answer—Ruskin. It was he, who, having confused great skill in landscape with sublime genius in art, taught that Turner was on a level with the masters of

the Renaissance ; that the painting of trees and stones required as high an intelligence as the depiction of human actions ; that in fact the artist could aim as high in landscape as in the human form divine. Turner was the first to improve upon Claude in his distance effects. He accomplished this by remarkable industry in endeavouring to paint what he saw ; he applied his whole energy in graduating distance as it is graduated by the atmosphere. The beautiful effect of unfolding distance which resulted overcame Ruskin with astonishment, and "Modern Painters" was the result of his efforts to explain the cause. How Ruskin embodied in the most elegant language the best of teaching and the worst of criticism ; how he covered the most amazing series of contradictions known in literature with the mantle of the prophet ; how he utterly confused near ground with distance painting ; how he exhausted the dictionary for superlatives to praise Turner, and for adjectives to condemn all landscape painters before him ; how he allowed his violent prejudices to warp his judgment and twist his logic ; are not all these things known wherever his book is read ? True, but the gentle nature of the man, with his sincerity and his goodness, has caused them to be glossed over—hidden in the shade of forgetfulness as far as possible. But one thing remains. Details are discussed no more, but Ruskin's view of landscape painting as a high art is still with us, to the utter confusion of our art development. It is time for a caveat, and the caveat must be based upon Ruskin, because he alone of all great writers has presumed to place landscape on a high level of art.

The landscape painter must always be at a disadvantage because there is no ideal to which he can aspire. He can have no fixed aim, except for an effect which varies with each effort. He has a thousand arbitrary signs, with innumerable methods of arranging them, to produce harmonious effects more or less pleasing to the senses. But he can do nothing more than arrange these signs. He cannot create, in the sense that Raphael created an expression of spiritual nobility in the face of the *Sistine Madonna* ; he cannot typify high attributes, as the grace and charm of budding womanhood are typified in the *Venus dei Medici*. He cannot exemplify the virtues, power, glory, patriotism, or in fact anything which calls into play the higher faculties. He can only copy or imitate objects which express neither mind nor soul, and which in a condition of miniature imitation appeal neither to the intellect nor the emotions. His art must therefore always remain secondary ; far, far behind the art which is responsible for the representation or idealisation of human actions. Landscape art can approach no nearer to classic art than descriptive poetry to classic poetry or great drama, and the best landscape painter must remain as far removed from the greatest of the classic artists as is the author of "The Seasons" from Homer and Shakespeare.

The landscape painter must be satisfied to work without an ideal, and hence his powers are limited to comparatively small things. Claude and Turner, and in a lesser degree Wilson and old Crome, painted beautiful distance landscapes ; and Jacob Ruysdael, Hobbema, George Vincent, and a few others, charmed with nearground pictures. These have reached the topmost pinnacle of landscape art as we know it. What then ? The landscape artist can only aspire to equal or surpass Turner in distance or Hobbema in foliage. It is possible some are striving to do this, but the vast majority lack either the power or the industry, or both, and so content themselves with what are called "pretty scenes," or "effective bits," or charming views ; or else wanting the ability to call forth admiration with these, they seek to overwhelm with surprise, and produce what are called impressionist landscapes. The result is that in each year thousands of landscapes of every variety are exhibited for sale by a score or more societies, or are thrown on to the market to be sold for what they will bring, and then complaints arise that the public are not supporting British art. Who wants these paintings as works of art ? Some are bought for decoration, to fill certain wall spaces, and others are needed for wedding and other presents, generally for the reason that the purchaser cannot think of anything else to give. Perhaps twenty per cent. are got rid of in this way, and for the rest . . . But still they come. And not content with supplying paintings by the thousand, some landscape artists are simply flooding London with outline and other landscape etchings. The class of people who buy these etchings, except as a possibly profitable commercial transaction I do not know, but I do know that as works of art, nearly all of them are merely exhibitions of want of industry or thought on the part of the artists. Compare the average modern English landscape etching with one by Waterloo even, and how does it stand ? It simply sinks below comparison. This is not always because the artist cannot etch a landscape properly, but commonly because he will not. He fails to give

the study and time to it. Who of the moderns (with three well known exceptions only) will put into an etching the work shown in Ruysdael's *Cornfield*, or Rembrandt's *Landscape with a flock of sheep*. The modern etcher commonly seeks to give some mysterious effect to his work, or presumes the soft lines of a roughly bitten etching aiding him in excusing detail. Most of Whistler's etchings are simply rough unfinished sketches and have about as much right to the title of landscape as a skeleton has to the title of human being. They are apologies for inability to work hard.

Now comes the question—how is it that all these facts being well known, no attempt is made in England to bring down landscape painting to its proper level in art, and to discourage the vast majority of artists from fruitless endeavours to acquire reputation and prosperity by means of landscape ? Most of the blame unquestionably lies with the modern critics. Some of the leading British critics have consciously, or unconsciously, succeeded in imbibing the extreme of Ruskin sentimentalism, and having combined this with a spurious aestheticism arising from the pre-Raphaelite movement, colour with the mixture the whole of their work, whether dealing with ancient or modern art. Thus, instead of looking at a picture from the pure standard of art, as it has been understood for the last five centuries, or twenty centuries for the matter of that, they bring in considerations of the emotions, of psychological meanings, of matters of pure feeling, and so on. Necessarily, explanations have been required, and these have resulted in vague but persistent attempts to find in pictures, tones, expressions, suggestions, and mysterious "vibrants" and other indefinite things which nobody ever before thought of. It is not surprising that a budding artist, having failed to see in a work criticised all the extraordinary psychological meanings in it pointed out by leading critics, should think it possible that the critics might see in his own pictures qualities of which he himself was unaware, and that he should go on painting and painting until the said qualities were observed. Landscape being the simplest and easiest vehicle for the expression of these mystic qualities, and having already a long lead, this new criticism could only serve to maintain its prestige as an art to be cultivated. As far as I am aware, not one note of warning against the improper elevation of landscape has been uttered by the leading critics, though it is clear from occasional discourses by eminent artists who are qualified to instruct, that they observe and condemn the evil influence of modern criticism.

The only definite hypothesis which can be laid hold of as forming one of the bases of this new criticism is that the emotions of the artist may be, and often are, expressed in the execution of his work. Now, is there any evidence in the life of an artist which indicates that a particular picture he painted was the result of a particular emotion ; that he painted the picture under the influence of this emotion, and that this influence is impressed in the work ? I do not think there is. I can find no instance recorded of a painter who admitted that he had experienced such an emotion. Through all the volumes of Vasari the idea is not mooted in regard to any of the great painters to whom he refers, nor is there any single case, as far as I know, of a painter who has written upon his art, ever suggesting that particular feelings or emotions affected him in his work. Many artists have written of their lives or have discoursed upon methods of painting and drawing, upon invention, and the general principles of art, but none has attempted to show that the execution of a picture from the germ of the idea to the consummation, is anything more than the application of brains and hands in bringing about the desired result. The only influences at work upon the artist, apart from his personal endeavour, are those of his age and country, and these are involuntary, dependent upon education, association of ideas, habits of mind engendered by his surroundings, and so on. These influences may be varied only by variation of the conditions and not beyond. An Englishman may study in Rome, and the character of his work may be consequently influenced by the Italian schools, but this will not affect his sensibility, nor will study of any kind enable him to bring his emotions to bear upon his work.

It is frequently asserted by modern critics that an artist has put "feeling" or "expression" (meaning the expression of his emotions) into his work. But it is never explained how the artist has done this, and what are the signs of its having been done. Expression is the end of a picture and has nothing to do with the means. It is the duty of the artist so to paint his picture that when completed, it is found to express what he had in his mind in painting it, but he cannot put the expression of his emotions into it any more than one can put such expression into the building of a house. Nor can he put feeling into his work, in the sense in which the word is commonly used in such connection. To say that an artist puts

feeling into painting is to say that he endows his paint with mental characteristics, which is absurd. The artist works with brushes and paints to accomplish a fixed arrangement of details. He very properly mixes his paints with brains, according to the recipe of a well-known painter, but only in the sense that he uses all his intelligence in the satisfactory accomplishment of his work, and in the same way that a good dyer may be said to mix his colours with brains. A great artist must necessarily have a powerful imagination for purposes of invention, and a thorough technical knowledge of his art for purposes of execution: but he cannot do more than invent and execute. He cannot transfer his mental forces; he can only apply them.

It is a strange that art criticism of this kind should appear in our leading art publications. Sentimental and mystic writing is never indulged in by continental critics. From Dr. Bode and Professor Venturi downwards, they all maintain the great standard which centuries of judgment have consecrated. It is true that the younger generation of German artists is suffering from an attack of crude realism, and French inferiorities are resorting to a still more crude impressionism, but the public taste is not vitiated, and in England alone is the rage for landscape on the part of artists impoverishing art culture. But neither Germany nor France has been blessed with a Ruskin.

## MAN IN THE STREET.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

## BOOKS OF REFERENCE

*The Modern Cyclopedia*. Edited by Charles Annandale, M.A., LL.D. Volume vi. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 540. The Gresham Publishing Company, n.p.

## DRAMA

*The Works of Shakespeare: The Life and Death of King John*. Edited by Ivor B. John. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 6. Pp. 149. Methuen, 2s. 6d. net.

## EDUCATION

L'Estrange, P.H., B.A. *A Junior Course of Comparative Geography*. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5. Pp. 239. Philip, 2s. 6d. net.

T. G. Tucker, Litt.D.; Walter Murdoch, M.A. *A New Primer of English Literature*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5. Whitcombe & Tombs, n.p.

*Blackie's English School Texts*. Edited by W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D. Macaulay's Essay on Clive, Macaulay's Essay on Warren Hastings, Ammianus Marcellinus' Julian the Apostate, Prescott's Montezuma. Each 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 4. Blackie, 6d. each.

*Blackie's Latin Texts*. Caesar, Gallic War, ii., iii. and iv. Virgil, Georgicon i. and ii. Each 7 x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Blackie, 6d. net each.

*Blackie's School Milton: Paradise Lost, Book iv*. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. xvi, 84. Blackie, 1s.

*Blackie's Little French Classics*. Racine's *Athalie*. Edited by G. H. Clarke, M.A. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. xxii, 106. Blackie, 10d.

*The Principles of Horticulture*. A Series of Practical Scientific Lessons. By Wilfred Mark Webb. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 136. Blackie, 2s.

*Le Petit Grand-père et La Petite Grand-mère*. Par Käte Weber. *Fleur de Neige*. Par Ellen C. Hainsselin. Each 5 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Blackie, 4d. each.

Mackinder, H. G. *Elementary Studies in Geography*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 298. Philip, 2s. 6d.

*German Science Reader*. Part I. Compiled by C. R. Dow, M.Sc. 7 x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 85. Dent, 2s. 6d. net.

Dent's *Further Exercises in French Grammar*. By Miss F. M. S. Batchelor. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 91. Dent, 1s. 4d.

*Griechische Schulgrammatik*. Bearbeitet von Dr. Florian Weigel. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 162. Wien: F. Tempsky, 2k. 50h.

## FICTION

Douglas, Theo. *One or Two*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5. Pp. 320. Brown Langham, 6s.

Rowse, Mary C. *Monsieur de Paris*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5. Pp. 306. Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.

Hocking, Silas K. *The Silent Man*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ . Pp. 497. Warne, 3s. 6d.

Willcocks, M. P. *The Wingless Victory*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5. Pp. 411. Lane, 6s.

Diver, M. *Captain Desmond, V.C.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5. Pp. 372. Blackwood, 6s.

Warden, Florence. *The Man with the Amber Eyes*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Goldäcker, the Baroness D. von. *A Butterfly*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5. Pp. 318. Long, 6s.

Wilkins, Mary E. *Doctor Gordon*. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 5. Pp. 312. Fisher Unwin, 6s.

"Colonel A." *The Ultramarines*. 8 x 5. Pp. 348. Smith, Elder & Co., 6s.

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